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AUGUST 20, 1938

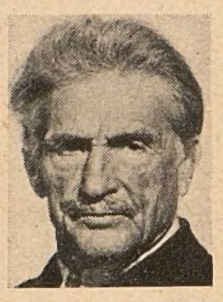
Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 34

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ARE THE WORKERS TO BLAME FOR THE NEW DEAL DEPRESSION?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

If you had a good friend and without warning you should punch him in the nose, kick him in the seat of the pants, knock him down, and then spit on him —would you expect him to continue to be friendlily disposed toward you?

Well, that figuratively describes the situation between employers and employees in some organizations.

The attitude of the government toward industry, encouraged and stimulated by labor, has taken all the confidence, courage, and fighting spirit out of business men.

Employers are human. They like appreciation; kindly, considerate treatment. The government has been giving the employers a dirty deal, and the workers are the heaviest losers.

The Bill of Rights has been thrown into the ash heap, and if a worker were to place himself in an employer's position, would he be inclined to extend and promote his business? . . . Would he consider it desirable to increase his investments and hire more employees when he faced such discouraging injustice?

Suppose the worker is the boss. Every intelligent employee looks forward to the time when he may become an employer.

With the situation reversed, the employee becomes the employer. In this changed position would he enjoy being told how to conduct his business by his employees? . . . a situation which some government officials and union leaders have demanded.

Take the average foreman, for instance. Would he like to receive orders from the men under him? He would fiercely resent such a change.

Many labor unions have allowed foreigners, interested in the overthrow of our government, to assume the positions of leaders, and strikes have often been called for the particular purpose of creating disturbances, often associated with lawlessness, especially desired by the foreign agitators.

The Wagner Labor Act furnished an incalculable amount of encouragement to these foreign fanatics. Law and order was cast to the winds in many strikes. Weak-kneed, cowardly officials often made no efforts to restrain lawlessness because of their fear of losing the labor vote.

Now, who bears the larger part of the losses due to the business decline? It is not the employers.

We cannot repeat too often that the New Deal's special report, gotten out by the Department of Commerce, clearly states that the workers get 84 per cent of industry's income. Therefore the employers lose 16 cents and the workers lose 84 cents of every dollar lost in industry.

To clearly understand this situation the workers should place themselves in the positions of employers. They would then realize that if such a ruinous policy were continued it would ultimately wreck our system of government, add millions more to our unemployed, and finally destroy the high standard of living that for generations workers have enjoyed in this country.

Wages have been raised nearly everywhere through the efforts of union activities, but every raise in wages has added to the unemployed, and the wage earner who thinks he pays no part of the money which must be used for relief to the unemployed is foolishly shortsighted. Everything he buys contains from 20 to 30 per cent of hidden taxes, a large part of which must be paid to the unemployed.

Hundreds of businesses have been closed, due to the systematic tyranny of the Wagner Act and its Spanish Inquisition commission.

The workers who want to be rid of the bosses are the victims of a wild dream. There will always be bosses as long as there are jobs, and the capitalistic bosses in this country have mostly learned that healthy, happy workers make the best employees.

And any worker who is so silly as to think governmentally controlled bosses will be more kindly disposed toward workers will be rudely awakened to their mistake if such a change is ever made.

Many of our labor leaders will have to take the credit, or rather the discredit, of supporting the Wagner Labor Act, the Wages and Hours Bill, and other legislation which has disheartened and disgusted employers and investors everywhere.

The workers will have to take a large share of the blame for the attack on business by the present administration, and the jobs lost as a result have ruined millions of homes and filled the poorhouses of the entire country, and unless the dangers of this disastrous situation are recognized, the future of this country is indeed dark and forbidding.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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PART ONE—A RIDDLE . . . AND A CLUE

IN the cab that sped her downtown Leslie smoked a cigarette and did some serious thinking about the immediate future. She knew, of course, that Harley Pitt wanted to marry her. In his patient way he was ready at any time to offer the relief and the sanctuary of his quietly correct life. And she couldn't help speculating on that life. There would be the book-lined Murray Hill apartment in winter. There would be summers at Lenox, at the home of his parents—pleasant summers of puttering about in flower gardens, of riding thoroughbreds through woods, of driving into Stockbridge for the music festivals. A well regulated existence, secure and dignified, carefully guarded from every possibility of scandal.

Leslie Cameron frowned. She knew she couldn't accept the peace Harley Pitt offered. She couldn't accept peace of any kind—until she was certain of what had become of Bert. Though Bert was gone, she was still his wife. . . .

She tried to shake off the somber mood when she entered Harley Pitt's law office; but it lingered uncomfortably, like a sense of foreboding.

"Leslie!" He welcomed her warmly, both hands outstretched, his lean dark face, with its neatly trimmed mustache, smiling a tribute of admiration. "You look," he declared, "like a page out of Vogue!" He watched while she drew off the gray suède gloves with precise little tugs; watched her tuck a curl of burnished hair under a brimless fur hat; and heartily added, "You're lovelier every time I look at you."

"Which," she replied, managing a laugh, "is something worth hearing from a man you see twice a week."

His smile broadened as he settled easily on the edge of the desk. "You know, I've often wondered. Why on earth should I see you twice a week when seven times would be so much nicer? I hear marriage, as an institution, is still recognized to be a highly agreeable—"

"Tell me," she interrupted with mock meekness, "do you always propose to clients the moment they enter?"

Harley grinned, slid off the desk, and went around to his chair. "If we keep this up," he said, "I'll forget you're here on business. We can carry on over lunch. Or did I omit asking you to lunch?"

"You did. Noticeably. So in a spirit of pure revenge I made a date with Grace Lockridge." She nodded to the papers on the desk. "What do I have to do? Sign more proxies?"

"No-o." Harley Pitt hesitated, then eyed her doubtfully. "No proxies. It's about—Bert." He paused again, as if it were a difficult thing to broach. He said slowly, "I'm afraid this may be a bit painful, Les. But we may as well get it over with. You can't spend the rest of your life tied to a nonexistent husband. You're too young, too vital, too important. It's more than seven years since Bert disappeared. It's high time to have him declared legally dead."

Leslie Cameron stiffened, paled slightly. Yet she wasn't really surprised. Others too, including Grace Lockridge, had been urging her to go to court.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Harley. I'm not ready to have Bert declared legally dead."

"But, my dear—" Harley seemed disconcerted. "After seven years you're *entitled* to petition—"

"That's not the point. It would take more than a court order to make me feel he's dead."

She could feel the slow rise of old emotions as inevitable as ocean tides. She swallowed heavily. Harley, she realized, was saying:

"Oh I know it's hard to forget a man you've loved, to—to cancel him out. But, good heavens, Les, let's be reasonable about it. According to the law—"

"Please, Harley. It's not a matter of law."

"According to facts, then," he said with a trace of irritation. "Even the police concede he's dead. At the time he vanished any of a hundred men might have been eager to—to kill him. He'd been too relentless in that job of Special Prosecuting Attorney. Naturally, he became dangerous; and there's only one intelligent answer to his disappearance."

Leslie's teeth were pressing hard into her lip. She looked, suddenly, quite tired. She sagged in the red leather chair.

"And there's something else," Harley proceeded more urgently. "You and I know that he loved you too much to walk out on you without leaving a word. It wasn't like Bert. He wouldn't have done it."

"Not—not deliberately."

Harley scoffed, "You're not going to revive the old

Beginning

THE MAN IN

nonsense about his having walked off in amnesia!"

"Why not, Harley? It's always a possibility."

"Leslie," he said, his tones those of a logician, "we saw Bert every day until the night he vanished. We know, you and I, that he was in excellent health, mentally and physically. Amnesia doesn't pounce on a man like that. Besides, if he'd been roaming around in a daze, somebody would have recognized him. Heaven knows, the papers ran his picture often enough."

Instead of replying, Leslie Cameron rose, sighed, and slowly walked across the office to the window. Sixty-five stories above lower Broadway, she had a spectacular view of ships cleaving the gray winter waters of the harbor. She stared at them—and saw nothing. Her eyes were blurred by tears. And there was an ache in her heart. She thought, How simple he makes it sound. How easy! Have Bert declared dead. Banish him. Make a fresh start. Why not? I'm only twenty-seven . . .

She heard Harley come to her side. He stood there for a time without speaking, looking over her shoulder at the ships down the bay. Then, in a low voice, he said, "Of course I'll admit there's another reason I want you to do it. A purely selfish reason. I want you to be free—"

She turned swiftly, her hand on his arm. "Don't, Harley. Not now."

"I've got to." His words held a hint of harshness. "You know how much I want you. And I'm getting older. I'm thirty-eight. After all—"

"Please, Harley!"

"I've *got* to tell you! How long do you think a fellow can hold out? For the past five years I've been waiting. . . . Les, you're agonizing me as much as yourself by letting Bert hang between us like this!"

Leslie tried a placating smile, but it was pretty dismal. The tears were still in her eyes. It wasn't often any one was permitted to peer through the armor of Harley Pitt's reserve, and the vehemence she discovered made her feel queerly sorry for him.

She turned away, went to the desk. Queer, how shaky she felt. She said, "I seem to be the only one who hasn't buried Bert." A dry little laugh broke from her. "Harley, I think he's alive. I'm going to try to find him. I'm going to make a search of my own."

He came to her side at once; talked to her then as he might have talked to an unruly child, gently but firmly: "My dear Les, don't you realize everything that could possibly be done has already been done? By the police? By the state? Don't you see how useless any further search—"

"Still, I'm going to try," she insisted. "And I'm going to ask Philip Ranney to help me."

At that Harley Pitt all but blinked. "*Ranney?*"

"Why not? As Special Prosecutor, he holds the same position today Bert held when he disappeared. I don't know the man, but he—he seems to be carrying on from where Bert left off, doesn't he? If I can convince him it will be worth his while finding Bert, why shouldn't Ranney want to help?"

Harley Pitt appeared definitely dazed. "Have—have you talked to him?"

"By phone. He's coming to dinner tonight."

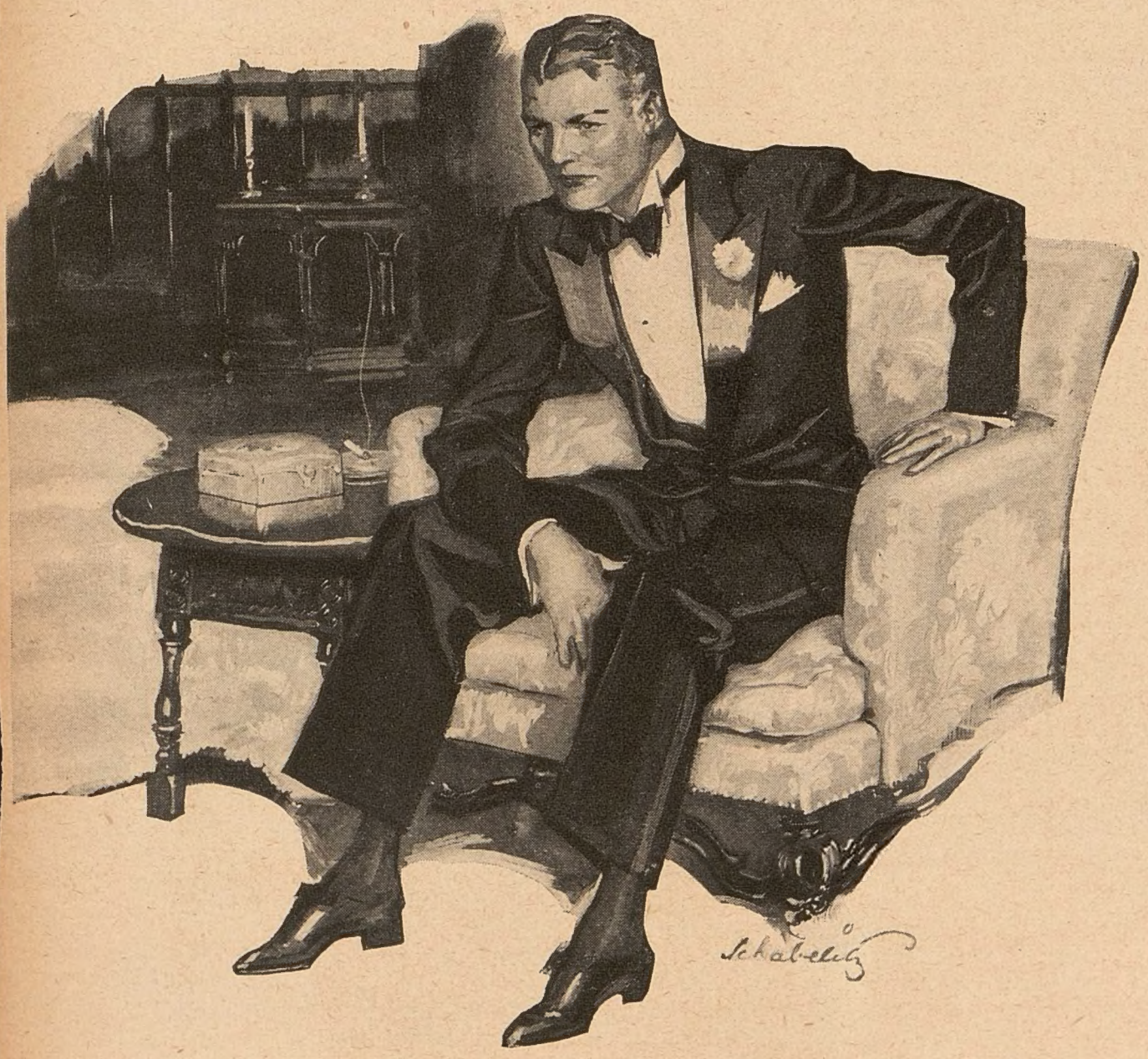
"But good heavens!" And now Harley, in dismay, seized her arms. "Do—do you realize what you're doing to yourself? You haven't forgotten what happened seven years ago, have you? The photographers, the newspapers, all the nasty rumors of crookedness and scandal, the hints that Bert accepted a bribe to disappear! And you yourself—people turning to stare, to point you out. Les dear, you don't want to bring all that back!"

She was already fumbling for her purse and gloves in the chair. "No, Harley," she whispered; "no, I don't want to bring it back. It was hideous."

"Then why risk it?"

"Because this time it will be different. It must. I'll search for Bert *without* publicity. I won't have the newspapers even suspect what I'm doing.

MY LIFE BY OSCAR SCHISGALL



She turned to him desperately. "That's why I've got to find out what really happened to Bert!"

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

Perhaps it—it will prove a more effective way."

Straightening, Harley compressed lips which could, on occasion, become as forbidding as a judge's. "I think it's useless."

"But I've got to try!"

IT was good, after that, to lunch with Grace Lockridge: a return from tension to simplicity and calmness. Grace had a long, solemn face to match her long, lank body, yet contrived somehow, by dint of clothes and smiles, to look attractive. There was always a crisp, common-sense air about her that made you trust in her wisdom.

"I don't think you'll get anywhere with a search for Bert," Grace said, when she learned what Leslie proposed to do. "On the other hand, though, I suppose if you don't do it you'll go through the rest of your life with a blister on your conscience. So hop to it, and good luck."

She spoke in her characteristically staccato way, her words sharp, decisive. She had thrown back the veil that had hung from her hatbrim—a veil which annoyed her excessively, as did all unnecessary trifles, but which she nevertheless kept because Don, her husband, professed to like it.

"I'm not so sure we won't get anywhere," Leslie murmured, frowning at her plate. "Especially if I can persuade Philip Ranney to help. Besides, I've got to do it. With Harley—" She stopped abruptly, as though unintended words had slipped from her.

"Uh-huh," knowingly said Grace, nibbling at an olive. "With Harley crazy to marry you, and the sooner the better, there's got to be action, hasn't there?" She tossed the pit into a saucer. "Well, you *ought* to be married. Not to a wraith. To a tangible man. Somebody you can produce for dinners and theaters. You're a normal person and you deserve a normal life."

Somewhere deep within herself Leslie Cameron laughed a little, bitterly. A normal life? As her fingers toyed with a fork she recalled the seven interminable years of being alone. Of rising every morning with the desperate thought that perhaps today—today of all days—would at last bring news of Bert. Seven years of jumping up in a panicky flurry whenever the telephone rang at an unusual hour. Of trembling every time she ripped open an unidentified envelope.

"Don and I often talk about you," Grace Lockridge was saying as she buttered a roll. "We've decided that you, of all the girls we know, have just about everything there is to offer a man—looks, charm, brains—"

"Oh, please, Grace!"

"No flattery intended. I'm merely itemizing facts. Don has two great passions this year—you and Myrna Loy. He says you two are hard to tell apart—something about the similarity of the arched eyebrows, the bearing, and all that truck. But that's neither here nor there. What I was getting at is that you need a husband."

Grace waited until the shrimp salad had been served, then continued, "But when you talk of marrying Harley Pitt . . ." She became dubious; asked uncertainly, "Look, Les, do I have to be polite or can I unbutton my heart?"

Leslie Cameron wryly smiled. "Go on. Say it. You and Don never liked Harley much, did you?"

"Oh, we like him, all right. We like the Public Library, too. But as for seeing him as your husband—well—" She hesitated. "Don't you sometimes find him just a little—a little stuffed-shirty?"

"Grace, you're not being fair. Harley's all right. Serious but all right." Leslie stirred uneasily, however, even while she spoke. There were times when Harley could be delightfully gay. Yet there had been other occasions, too, she remembered uncomfortably, when she had squirmed in the presence of his consummate correctness. She recalled that even years ago Bert had joked, "My partner, Harley Pitt, knows only one Bible, and that's the Book of Etiquette." It wasn't altogether Harley's fault. He came of a family, as Grace Lockridge now reasonably pointed out, in which the men had been State Supreme Court Justices and the women wore tight black ribbons about their throats.

"Of course you realize," Leslie answered with sudden impatience, "that this whole matter of marrying is academic. I'm not marrying Harley. I'm not marrying anybody. I'm still Bert's wife, and I—I want him back!"

Grace Lockridge shrugged and reached for the bread. "Hunting Bert may cause you more grief than joy," she warned slowly. "Especially if you should ever happen to find him—and to learn why he left."

"Whatever comes, it'll be better than this—this endless uncertainty!"

"And also," Grace suggested after a pause, as if she hadn't heard the interruption, "it may lead you into a lot of trouble. I have an idea, darling, that a few people Bert was investigating seven years ago—fellows like Frederick Novack, for example—are quite happy to have him out of the picture. If they discover you're trying to bring him back, maybe they won't like it."

Leslie scornfully demanded, "What can they do?"

"Well," sighed Grace, "look at what they did to Bert."

PHILIP RANNEY, Special Prosecutor, arrived promptly at seven, and from the very outset his presence filled the apartment—and Leslie—with suppressed excitement.

As an intimate dinner for two, with candlelight evoking amber glints from tall glasses, it was a gracious occasion. The food was excellent. Della, the colored maid, served it almost with veneration. And the talk during most of the meal remained pleasantly impersonal—as though both felt it would be wiser to postpone all discussion of Bert until they knew each other a little better.

Leslie, her nerves persistently tense, was glad she had put on the new black dinner gown. It was simple, almost severe in line, with a high Grecian waist and a flaring skirt. Philip Ranney's lively appreciative eyes, studying her across the table, assured her that she had made no mistake.

She liked him. She had an impression of easy vigor and competence. Throughout the meal, as she watched the play of yellow high lights on his broad forehead and on the bridge of his powerful nose, she couldn't help marveling at his youth; he couldn't, she reflected, be very much more than thirty-two or thirty-three. He had a large face with stubborn jaws and humorous gray eyes, hair that was neither quite red nor quite brown, and there was a massiveness about his shoulders that made his starched shirt bosom bulge.

"I don't know," Philip Ranney said, "why I never phoned you, Mrs. Cameron. Lord knows I wanted to. Dozens of times. I thought we might have a lot in common."

In surprise Leslie asked, "And why didn't you?"

"Two people held me back." He grinned. "The Police Commissioner and Puss."

"That," Leslie laughed, "sounds like a double riddle. I give up."

"The Commissioner told me the police had pumped you dry years ago; it would be useless to try you again."

"And—Puss? Who's Puss?"

Philip Ranney leaned back, eyes merry. "Puss," he explained, "is sometimes known as Mrs. Thomas J. Ranney. Occasionally, also, I call her mother. But we both prefer Puss. More intimate. She's my advisory board—the brains of the family."

"And your mother objected to your telephoning me?" Leslie exclaimed. "Why?"

"Humanitarian reasons, mostly. She argued you'd gone through trouble enough; that you were probably just beginning to enjoy peace, and why disturb it?"

Thoughtfully eying the candles between them, Leslie murmured, "It was sweet of her, of course, but there's no peace in uncertainty, Mr. Ranney."

"I shouldn't think so."

"That's why I'm hoping I can persuade you to help me look for Bert." Her eyes met his levelly. "From every-

thing I've read, I imagine you have practically the same job on your hands now that he had seven years ago."

Ranney nodded. "Just about."

"Before he disappeared, Bert gathered a great deal of information. Most of it was never made public. It—it vanished with him. We'd been married only a month, you know, but time after time I heard him mention men like Corelli and Staffard and Novack—particularly Frederick Novack, whom he called the biggest swindler in New York. I'm sure he'd dug up a great deal against Novack. And it seems to me if you could find Bert and get the facts he learned during his investigation—"

"You're right," the Special Prosecutor said gently. "It would help enormously. But you're presupposing, Mrs. Cameron, that your husband is still alive."

"I can't believe anything else!"

Philip Ranney regarded her for a while in meditative silence. Then, "Tell me about him," he said.

So they went into the drawing room—the same long, sunken chamber with the great baronial fireplace that Bert had loved. They lit cigarettes as they sat down, and she frowned uneasily at the hearth.

"I knew, of course, that Bert was in danger," she began in low tones. "He used to tell me—with that little laugh of his—that he was probably learning too much for his own good. Sometimes he'd say that men like Frederick Novack were trying to bribe him to go easy. But things like that, he maintained, were to be expected. They didn't surprise Bert; they merely angered him."

"I know how he felt," dryly observed Ranney.

Wanly she smiled. "Yes. You're probably the most sympathetic audience I'll ever have." She drew a long breath. "Well—on the evening he vanished he phoned to tell me he was having dinner out. He said he'd be home early, probably by ten. But—I never saw him again. I—I hadn't even known with whom he intended to dine. The police told me that later. How he ate at a restaurant with a woman named Arlene Bray—a dancer. She was doing a specialty number in one of the Broadway revues that season."

"The High-Hat Parade," Ranney murmured. "Wasn't that it?"

"Yes. And of course," Leslie went on with a tinge of bitterness, "you remember how some of the newspapers did their best to give an ugly interpretation to Bert's dinner with Arlene Bray. They tried to make it sound like a—a rendezvous. That was ridiculous! He questioned all sorts of people. There was nothing extraordinary in his taking this particular actress to dinner. In all probability he tried to get some information from her. Arlene Bray herself insisted, when the police questioned her, that it was the first time she had been out with Bert, the first time she'd met him."

Unconsciously she made the words a defense, and she continued with faint scorn: "Later the police showed pictures of Bert to the superintendent of Arlene Bray's apartment house. The man claimed he'd seen Bert come there often. But I don't believe it! I'd have known it. I would! And Arlene Bray herself denied it vehemently."

Because she had reached the most trying part of the story, Leslie abruptly hesitated. Her gaze, still fixed on the fireplace, became worried, as it had hundreds of times in the past seven years.

"It's the things they uncovered *afterward*," she whispered, "that—that I can't understand."

"About the money?"

"Ye-es. They told me—and they brought records to prove it—that in the week before his disappearance Bert had drawn almost fifteen thousand dollars in cash from his bank. They told me, too, that he had converted more than a hundred thousand dollars in securities to cash. He'd never mentioned anything about that to me."

"It would indicate, of course," Ranney suggested quite gently, "that he had planned to disappear and was financing himself for it. And that, I take it, is what makes you so confident he's still alive somewhere."

She turned to him desperately. "I don't know what to believe! I never did! That's why I've got to find out, once and for all, what really happened to Bert!"

Philip Ranney lit a fresh cigarette. It wasn't until he had tossed the match into the fireplace that he said contemplatively, "Seems to me I recall reading somewhere that your husband carried more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of insurance."

"That never interested me," she said flatly. "I don't need the money. I don't want it."

He must have known that she had inherited a sizable fortune from her father. The papers had commented on that often enough.

"Still," Ranney said, "you could get the insurance by having Bert declared legally dead, couldn't you?"

"But it—it wouldn't settle anything."

He smoked for a time in silence. Then he asked: "Suppose I were to help you, Mrs. Cameron. Have you any definite plan?"

Leslie bent toward him in quick eagerness. "I'd like to start," she said tensely, "by finding that dancer, Arlene Bray! I want to know what they talked about that last night, she and Bert. How he acted. Perhaps now, after seven years, she won't be so—so evasive."

"Do you know where she is?"

"No-o. She's no longer on Broadway. Nobody in New York seems to know what's become of her. But with the facilities you have at your office, it shouldn't be too hard to find her."

They looked at each other without speaking. Then Philip Ranney smiled—a slow smile that began with his eyes and spread over his whole face. He pushed himself out of the deep chair and tugged down the points of his vest. "All right!" he said.

"You'll do it?" she cried, eyes suddenly bright.

"Of course. Your husband may have dug up facts I'm trying to get at myself. Locating the records that went with him may solve quite a few problems for me too. We'll start tomorrow."

HE left just before midnight, after studying the voluminous collection of letters, clippings, and other records Leslie had retained. But, curiously, when he drove away in his coupé, it wasn't on Bert Cameron's disappearance that Ranney pondered. He was in a peculiarly introspective mood, with a half smile lingering on his lips. He was thinking that she was exquisite.

Behind him, on Park Avenue, another car detached itself from the curb and followed—a small black sedan in which sat two worried men who remained a block behind the Special Prosecutor's car.

Ranney, visualizing Leslie Cameron's face in his windshield, gave the sedan no attention. He couldn't know it had been waiting for him all evening—waiting to see where he would go next.

IN the morning the bald little man who had been announced as Mr. Brock edged forward on his chair to toss the stub of a cigar into a tray on Philip Ranney's desk. He hadn't troubled to remove his overcoat, and his red jowls were moist with perspiration.

"I don't see how I can help you, Mr. Ranney," he said. "How should *I* know what happened to the girl?"

Special Prosecutor Philip Ranney argued, "You were Arlene Bray's agent."

"Sure. But that was more than six years ago. She left me in the spring of '31. Quit the business."

"Just walked out on you?"

"I wouldn't say she walked out, exactly," said Arnold Brock. "That isn't fair. I'd known for months she wanted to quit Broadway. Fact, I tried to talk her out

of it. Half a dozen movie houses were ready to pay her good money for personal appearances. You know the kind of billing: *Arlene Bray, Mystery Girl of the Cameron Case.* It would have pulled big. Only, Arlene wouldn't listen to offers like that. Said she'd as soon exhibit herself naked in a Broadway window as take on that kind of billing."

"Did she ever mention Bert Cameron to you?"

"No, sir. I never heard her speak of Cameron till long after the case broke. And then she said only that she was going to leave New York because she was tired of being pointed out as the Cameron mystery girl."

Ranney, his reddish hair rumpled as though it had just had a shampoo, turned in his swivel chair to gaze out of the office window. "I was hoping, Mr. Brock, that Arlene Bray might have left you a forwarding address."

"She didn't. I lost all trace of her years ago."

"Did you know much about her life?"

"If you mean her private life, no." Brock was emphatic about this. "All I knew was she had a little two-room apartment on West Fifty-fifth, within walking distance of the Apollo Theater. I'd got her a job that year in the High-Hat Parade. She did a specialty song and dance."

Philip Ranney's manner became suddenly brisk. He pulled open a drawer, extracted a sheet of paper. "I wonder, Brock, if you'll do something to help us find her. You're an agent in good standing. Put an ad in a couple of leading theatrical magazines."

Arnold Brock's shrewd eyes narrowed cautiously. "Just what is it you want, Mr. Ranney?"

"Something I've noticed about people in show business," Ranney explained, "is that they keep on reading theatrical papers long after they leave the stage. It gets into their blood. Maybe Arlene Bray still reads them."

"Then why don't you put in a personal asking her to communicate with you?"

Ranney shook his head. "I doubt if she'd reply. Probably anything that tended to connect her with the old Cameron case would make her draw back deeper into seclusion. But if we can get her to write to us—even a letter of protest—that would be enough to show where she is." He offered the paper across the desk. "Read it. Half-page spreads. We'll pay for the space."

Uncertainly Arnold Brock accepted the copy. He read in silence, frowning, lips tight:

ARLENE BRAY
Diseuse
Recently Returned from World Tour.
Now Open for American Engagements.

Management of ARNOLD BROCK, INC.
1441 Broadway, New York.

Brock lifted yellowed eyes that bulged a little in astonishment. "What kind of stunt is this?"

"A shot in the dark," Ranney admitted. "I'm hoping that if Arlene Bray still reads theatrical weeklies she'll be outraged by the idea that you've got some one else to capitalize on her name. She'll write to complain."

"Trying to make me out pretty much of a heel, aren't you?"

"Only long enough to have her send you a letter of protest. Once we get that, with either a postmark or a return address to indicate where she is, we'll drop the ad. . . . How about it, Brock? Or do I have to put it on grounds of civic duty?"

IT was weeks later that Harley Pitt persuaded Leslie to join him at a Theatre Guild opening. He called promptly at eight, in tails that might have been fashioned in Bond Street. As she settled in his car, looking through a pane at the liveried shoulders of the chauffeur, Leslie couldn't suppress a sigh. To be with Harley Pitt invariably made you feel that calmness and restraint were the most desirable of virtues. Everything in Harley's life—even to calling at the precise moment which would allow them to reach the theater neither too early nor too late—seemed perfectly calculated, smoothly executed. Sometimes it was hard to understand Grace Lockridge's objections.

OSCAR SCHISGALL

Belgian born, educated in New York, wrote 300 stories before he sold one, working meanwhile as a reporter, salesman, and miner. He has lived in nearly every European country. Now, with his wife and two sons, he has a home on Long Island.

She had to confess, when he inquired, that she hadn't yet had news from Philip Ranney.

Harley said without particular pleasure, "He's an energetic fellow, isn't he? Dropped in to see me the other day."

Leslie could not control a start. "What for?"

Clearly, Harley had not enjoyed the interview. "Considering the fact that I was Bert's law partner before he disappeared, Ranney thought I ought to be questioned." And then, with barely perceptible exasperation, he added, "Leslie, I wish you hadn't gone into this thing!"

"Haven't I played ostrich long enough?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't intend to talk about it tonight. But Ranney annoyed me. All but cross-examined me."

"I should imagine," she said with a faint smile, "that he *can* be annoyingly persistent. Still, what else would you expect of a Special Prosecuting Attorney?"

Harley looked at her questioningly. But after a moment he appeared to relax.

"I think we'll have much more fun," he decided, "if we forget Ranney tonight. I have a table at the Sert Room for after theater. And I'm going to propose again while we dance."

Her hand sank to his arm. "No, Harley, not tonight. I don't want to have to feel on guard. You've always been the only man with whom I could be completely at ease. Let's keep it that way—yes?"

He sighed. "I don't know if I'm being complimented or turned down."

It was after two when Harley brought her home. As usual, he came up for a last cigarette and a sip of benedictine. But when they entered the tiny foyer of her apartment, he suddenly caught her arms, and she knew he was going to kiss her.

"Leslie—Leslie—"

And at that instant she saw the card. It was a message in Della's huge scrawl, propped up on the foyer table. She could read it, from where she stood, over Harley's arm; and it spoiled his moment. For it reported:

"Mr. Ranney telephoned twice. Wants you to call him soon as you come in, no matter how late. Elgin 2-2301."

A queer rush of excitement assailed Leslie Cameron. It flushed her face. She stepped back from Harley. She indicated the card, and as he turned to it in helpless bewilderment, she snatched up the phone.

He watched her a few seconds, puzzled; then put down his hat and stick and walked slowly on into the drawing room, his head lowered.

She was alone when Ranney's voice crackled in the receiver. "I've been waiting for your call," he said cheerfully. "How'd you like to hop to Miami tomorrow morning? There's a plane at nine fifteen. Newark Airport. I've got reservations."

The sheer unexpectedness of the words stunned her. She exclaimed, "What's in Miami? Have you located—*Arlene Bray?*"

"Right! She's singing at a Miami night club. Changed her name to Helen Lunden."

Leslie's heart began to pound. Her grip on the telephone tightened. "How—how did you find out?"

"She sent a letter of protest against a fake ad we ran in a theatrical weekly. Tell you the details tomorrow. I had an idea you might like to talk to her yourself. Would you?"

"Of course!"

"Fine. I'll look for you at the plane at nine. And bring enough clothes for a few days. We may have a job on our hands."

Has Arlene Bray been hiding something all these years? If so, will she tell it now? Disappointments, surprises, and danger too, await Leslie and Philip Ranney in Miami. Follow their tense and thrilling search in the coming installment. In next week's Liberty.

The New Deal's Fortuneteller:

WASHINGTON'S LATEST ASTROLOGER

Politics turns again to the stars! How an ancient folly has found new life and swept the nation's capital

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DECORATION BY VINCENTINI

BY MAY DIXON THACKER

WHEN President Roosevelt, at a recent press conference, jokingly parried a leading question by telling the inquirer to go see an astrologer, he was giving Washington advice which Washington did not need.

Washington is astrology mad.

To be sure, it isn't exactly a New Deal in madness. There seems always to have been an affinity between political stars and astral ones. In the old days, as can be seen by a tour of the castles and châteaux of Europe, the court astrologer's room was located next to that of his royal master, and his influence on state affairs often exceeded that of the king's wife.

No such open flaunting of superstition is permissible in these supposedly more realistic times. But Liberty readers have heard from Madame Marcia's own lips how she, as a Washington seeress working through the President's wife, sought to guide the affairs of the ill-fated Harding administration, and to save the good-natured Warren Gamaliel from destruction at the hands of his supposed friends.

Most modern necromancers work through the women of the family. With the exception of the famous Evangeline Adams, who was able to build up a substantial clientele among men of affairs, soothsayers, generally speaking, have found the female of the species more gullible than the male—or, perhaps, just more uninhibited. So no sensible observer believes that President Roosevelt or any of his cabinet, either parlor or kitchen, is guided by the abracadabra of an incantationist. Even the President's bitterest critics are quite willing to admit that his magic and his charm are entirely his own!

It is an interesting phenomenon, however, that during an administration which is frequently said to be crawling with modernists, the most ancient of the "sciences" has taken on a new life, and that one occultist in particular, sometimes called the Astrologer of the New Deal, is said to be politically more influential—working largely through wives and sweethearts—than Marcia ever was, or even the famous Evangeline.

So well known is the lady that it isn't necessary to call the Astrologer of the New Deal by name. Go to Washington, take a taxi at the station, say to the driver:

"I understand there's a wonderful fortuneteller here in Washington—"

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Y?" he will finish the sentence.

Wait in the Senate's antechamber, as I have done, during a session. Sit down and quietly attune your ears to catch whispered comments.

"Ever hear of Mrs. Y?" says Senator Q to Senator U.

"Yes." An awed response.

"Marvelous! My wife says she has more influence in political Washington than a Fireside Chat."

The reason for the widespread belief in the occult in the nation's capital is not far to seek. People are striving desperately to conquer national fear. The fear centers in Washington. Vast sums, millions and billions, have been appropriated for this and that—chiefly for pouring oil on the troubled, menacing waters of unemployment and relief—vaster sums than the imagination has heretofore conceived. The national debt, as we all know, has grown to something above $36,000,000,000.

The psychic atmosphere created is fertile soil for mystic propaganda. Hence Mrs. Y. Nervous wives of senators, congressmen, bankers, lobbyists, industrialists, feeling that they and their husbands are adrift on uncharted waters, go to her for assurance of safety. She gives it. If they do not go in person, they send instructed emissaries. I could name two nationally known senators who send their secretaries.

The Harding administration, it is true, dealt in astrology and was guided by the stars. There was a certain dignity. The present vogue, however, includes not only astrology but spiritualistic table-tipping and listening to the spirits of dead relatives, combined with palm reading, crystal gazing, and clairvoyance. Mrs. Y functions in any or all of these.

My own experience with the Astrologer of the New Deal is, I imagine, typical of most of her contacts. I leave it to the reader to judge her merits as a soothsayer.

I called Mrs. Y from a public booth in the Willard Hotel at 8 A. M. on the 31st of May, 1938.

"I am a stranger from a distant city," I said, "and will be in Washington only today. Could you by any chance give me a reading?"

I was told that appointments must be made at least two weeks ahead.

"It is today or never with me. I'm leaving tonight."

"My rest period is at ten. I will take you then if you can be here on the dot."

I found Mrs. Y seated behind a flat-top desk in a room flooded with fresh air and light. Her hands encircled a darkish crystal ball with a flowered chiffon handkerchief tied around its base.

I sat down directly opposite her. A wide-brimmed hat shaded my face and almost covered my white hair.

In a slow low voice she began to talk about personality and God. Then she asked the date of my birth. I gave it.

"A-ah! Taurus is a good month. You can make of your life what you will." Pausing but a moment, she said, "People who come to me usually have a problem. Is that your case?"

"I have an assortment of problems."

Suddenly, leaning forward, she spoke in a cold formal voice: "Who is Maude?"

"Maude?" I repeated vaguely. "I know no Maude."

"Yes, you do. Think!"

I cudgeled my brain. "Never have I known anybody named Maude," I asserted positively.

"You are wrong. Think! Maude! And—and—Mary. Who is Mary?"

I was sure I knew no Mary who could be important in my life.

"Yes, you do. You do. They are here. They want to help you. Maude and Mary—Maisie."

WITH that, an illuminating flash came to me from her repetition of the two names linked together, ending with Maisie.

"Ah! I see you are beginning to remember."

"There was a woman named Maude. I never saw her. She died more than twenty years ago—"

"She was murdered," cut in Mrs. Y and, closing her eyes, went on: "She tells me that you are the only person who has brought to light the facts of her death. I see water, a spring, trees, darkness—"

"Are you talking about Maude King?" I asked. "The woman for whose murder Gaston Means was tried and acquitted so many years ago?"

"Yes," came quick affirmation. "Maude and Mary want to help you. They are here in this room."

"Why do they want to help me?" I asked.

"Because they suffered so much at the hands of Gaston Means. At that time a chain of events started that has come down through all the years, culminating in your present visit to me here, now. They want you to know that you have nothing to fear, nothing to worry about. They warn you to sign no papers and acknowledge no signatures. Forgers are menacing you. Be cautious."

Then Mrs. Y gave me a slip of paper and asked me to write four names of people who have died. I wrote them. "Now draw a line and write the names of living persons who most affect your life."

I wrote two names. Then she prompted, "I forgot to tell you to put your own name among those last." Naturally I wrote my name next and then two others. While I was thus engaged, she appeared to be concentrating intently, one hand shading her eyes and the other toying with her crystal ball and the chiffon around it.

Everything that followed could be explained as mind reading. But how about Maude and Mary?

I left Mrs. Y at that time with a mind lost in a muddle of curious speculations. I believed it was impossible for her to have recognized me.

A very wise and levelheaded friend to whom I related the experience summarized his reactions thus: "She recognized you. Absolutely. Your picture in newspapers and magazines. Undoubtedly she makes a study of all well known cases like that of Gaston Means and everybody connected with them. Go back again. See what happens."

I wrote for an appointment on my home stationery, enclosing a leaflet that had my picture conspicuously on it. The appointment was confirmed. When I entered her room this second time, she remarked: "Haven't I read you before? Your face seems a bit familiar."

"I was here some weeks ago," I said. "Also I sent you a leaflet with a picture."

"A secretary attends to the mail. I never see those things," she said. "What can I do for you today?"

"Tell me more of Maude King and Mary Melvin," I said. "Are they here? I want details of Maude's death."

"She tells me to say that you know it all correctly."

This was presumably a reference to my account of Maude King's death as published in the Liberty series about Gaston B. Means.

"She is in this room?" I ventured.

Mrs. Y smiled indulgently and spoke as one addresses a small child: "Ah, my dear, the spirit world is not separated from us except by invisibility. There is no world of the dead. They are with us in a spirit realm that knows neither time nor space. Very soon we will be able to talk to them on the radio."

"Do many senators and congressmen and the high-ups come to see you?" I asked.

Mrs. Y smiled and nodded. "Certainly. But of course I say nothing of those things. Professional ethics, you know. However, I will say that Mrs. Roosevelt is the brains of this administration. I predict that she will be our first woman President—twelve years hence."

"Will Mr. Roosevelt have a third term?"

"My prediction is that he will not; that he does not want it. A Democrat will be elected, but by a new coalition. He will follow the policies of the New Deal. No one will lose his job. Public works will be continued. Unemployment will diminish. Prosperity will increase."

"And the national debt?" I hazarded.

"It doesn't matter. No need to worry," she smiled.

Mrs. Y's next voluntary remark startled me perhaps as much as her first question, "Who is Maude?"

"President Harding," she said, "has come to me often since his death. We hold confidential, intimate talks."

"What does he think of the present political situation and the condition of the people?" I asked.

She smiled. "He isn't worried. He says that things are coming along all right."

"How about the stock market?" was my next question.

"Stocks? They will be good in July and August—struggle along through the winter, with slumps—but in 1940 Wall Street will be bankrupt."

"Not the nation and the New Deal?"

"Certainly not!" Then, without prompting, she veered. "I predicted the death and manner of death of Smith Reynolds one week before it happened. You can ask his first wife, who came to me from North Carolina for a reading."

FOR purposes of comparison, I had sessions with three other prominent astrologers and spiritualists. In the confidential chat that invariably followed, each one told me that she had talked with President Harding.

There was nothing in my four Washington contacts with these professed occultists which differed materially from similar experiences in other parts of the country—certainly nothing to explain the influence wielded by these people, especially by Mrs. Y at the seat of our national government.

One disturbing thought remained with me, however. The fact that persons closely connected with official Washington are going to soothsayers and seers may have significantly far-reaching destructive consequences.

We guard our coast defenses and naval and military and aircraft secrets with almost limitless resources, spending millions lavishly for this purpose. But may it not be that right in Washington, the very center and heart of our national life, under the trivial cash stimulus of a few dollars, an astute foreign spy can inveigle forbidden information from ignorant soothsayers who have won the confidence of the wives and sweethearts of politicians and lawmakers and diplomats and keymen who hold important naval and military secrets?

Washington is one of the few cities that permit fortunetelling. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the annual license fee. Would it not be better, as a measure of national defense, to abolish the practice altogether—and leave it to the G-men to see that the law is enforced?

THE END

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF *Baby Snooks*

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE scene is a Hollywood studio of the National Broadcasting Company. A program is on the air. Suddenly, out of a momentary silence comes the voice of a little child.

"What you doing, daddy?" it asks.

"I'm getting dressed," answers a weary masculine voice, "and it's time you were in bed."

"Where you going?"

"To a banquet. Now, run along. I have to rehearse my speech, and I don't want any interruptions."

Daddy clears his throat and begins his speech.

"Daddy!"

"What?"

"Who you talking to?"

"Nobody."

"Do you feel all right, daddy?"

"Yes, I'm just practicing."

"Practicing what?"

By this time you and I and fifty million other people know that this infantile interrogation point is Baby Snooks.

We may not approve of Snooks. But we cannot ignore her—for in recent months, thanks to the late Guglielmo Marconi with some assistance from the ancient and highly honorable guilds of moving-picture makers and coffee grinders, we have become increasingly aware of her and of her long-suffering father.

However, until we meet Baby Snooks' mother, it cannot be said that we really know our Snookses.

The good Lord has made some funny women, but mighty few of them—in comparison with funny men, I mean—have gone on the stage. Of those who have, Baby Snooks' mother, or Fannie Brice, as she has long been known in non-ethereal circles, is probably the funniest.

Like most American comedians, male and female, she is Jewish. Her father was a French Jew. Her mother was a Hungarian Jew. Fannie is an American Jew. And, like most American-Jewish comedians, she stems from New York City's prolific East Side.

Her father was a saloonkeeper and pinochle player known to the denizens of Second and Third avenues as "French Charlie." His voting name was Charles Borach. Her mother's name was Rose—a name which was destined to loom large on the horizon of the daughter's professional and personal life.

One of Fannie's biggest song hits back in the glamorous Broadway days was Rose of Washington Square. Another was Secondhand Rose. And a third, if my tin-pan memory serves me right, was Lavatory Rose—the saga of a maid in a hotel washroom. Finally, to climax a lifetime of rose culture, Fannie married Billy Rose.

A close-up of the birth of a brat who became a nation's favorite nuisance

But to get back to Second Avenue, and to Fannie.

By the time she was thirteen she had had a job in a candy store, lost it, and was occupying her enforced idleness by taking in all the shows at her favorite Bowery theater. At nine o'clock every morning, when the doors were opened for an airing out, she would sneak in and hide under the seats until the matinee, duck under again during supper, and leave only after the curtain fell on the evening performance.

Soon it was an accepted fact in the neighborhood that the little Borach girl, the gawky one with the thick dark hair and the big feet and scared eyes, could "put it on" almost like a professional actor. She was even allowed to join a gang of newsboys—an unprecedented honor for a girl in those unemancipated days—and sing for pennies in poolrooms, back yards, and alleys.

"Fan," one of the newsies said to her, "you ought to go to one of them amateur nights. You'd knock 'em cold."

With some misgivings, Fan took his advice, and struck out for Keeney's Theater in Brooklyn. The place was packed. The crowd was hard-boiled.

"They were ready to howl and hiss as you got the hook," says Fannie. "When I got on the stage they began to boo. I wanted to cry and run off. But those swell

newsboy friends of mine yelled encouraging remarks from the gallery. I told the piano player my number, When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget, and suddenly I was singing.

"Then a strange thing happened. The audience began throwing money—not vegetables. I was afraid if I didn't pick it up I'd never see it again. So, as I continued with my singing, I bent down and gathered the coins as fast as possible. It came to about four dollars. Later they told me I had won the ten-dollar first prize.

"After that, I entered a lot of those amateur shows and I didn't do bad."

Her fellow East Sider, Irving Berlin, who had already advanced in his profession from singing waiter to clerk in a music house, got her a job as "slide singer" in the old nickelodeon at Eighty-third Street and Third Avenue.

"I got one dollar a day," reminisces Fannie, "and I did twenty performances between 11 A. M. and 11 P. M."

At this stage, Fannie—who had taken the name of Brice from that of a favorite neighbor—had one claim to beauty—a fine pair of legs which eventually carried her into a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job with a Cohan and Harris show. But George M. Cohan was then, as now, a realist. He appreciated the beauty of Fannie's legs but despaired of ever teaching her how to do anything with them. So Sam Harris had to fire her.

Fifteen years later, almost to a day, this same Harris rehired his dismissed twenty-five-dollar-a-week chorus girl as the $2,500-a-week star of his Music Box Revue.

Meanwhile Fannie went out where legs are legs and nobody gives a darn what you do with them—the Hurtig and Seamon burlesque wheel, and there—as all of us who saw The Great Ziegfeld well know—Ziggy saw her pinch-hitting for the leading lady, and the rest is history.

Ziegfeld gave her a small part in The Follies of 1910, and she stopped the show; also, she stopped many other Follies shows, and became the highest-salaried woman on the stage.

Eddie Cantor, Bill Fields, Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Ed Wynn, Leon Errol, Ann Pennington, Lilian Lorraine, Olive Thomas, Jessie Reed, Dolores—Fannie never tires of talking about them and the glorified days when she and they ran wild on Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam stage.

Between Follies she headlined in vaudeville. Patrons rolled in the aisles, just as the paunchy, bald-headed brokers had done at the New Amsterdam when Fannie did her hilarious burlesque of Pavlova's The Dying Swan, gave her own interpretation of Spring, Beautiful Spring, played all the parts in Mrs. Cohen at the Beach, or sang raucously I Am an Indian Squaw, Haw-Haw!

I MENTION these numbers out of the dozens she did during her revue and vaudeville reign because they exemplify her remarkable range. Although superficially they are as far apart as the poles, Fannie and her close friend Beatrice Lillie are extraordinarily alike in the underlying satirical note in their buffoonery. Where they differ is in the scope of their appeal.

Miss Lillie speaks one dialect and speaks it, to my way of thinking, with hysterically humorous effect. Miss Brice sings a song in Scotch, Jewish, French, German, Spanish, and Italian dialect, although we know that, with the exception of Jewish and possibly Scotch, she doesn't understand a word that she or anybody else says in any of those languages. Her humor is universal.

It is more than that. Using Lillie again as an example—which pains me exceedingly, because I personally love her above most of this world's women!—she hands you what she has, and leaves it there. You know that the moment the curtain is down, she is no longer the harassed waitress in the restaurant or one of those trippers who, like "mad dogs and Englishmen, go out in the midday sun." She is Bea Lillie, Lady Peel, Noel Coward's favorite person, or what have you. Fannie Brice, when she is doing one of her acts, has always been indubitably and indestructibly the person she is enacting.

Baby Snooks, contrary to the belief of millions who have met her for the first time during the past few months, was a creation of Fannie's early Broadway period, and—curiously enough, in her creator's opinion and in that of her audiences—a distinctly minor creation.

The reason for the light estimate placed on Baby Snooks in the early days of her career is not far to seek. Fannie's great success, no matter how hard she tried to conceal it under the mantle of the ridiculous, has always been in the field of sentiment and emotion. The great majority of her characters and songs were aimed by their writers and producers at the funny bone and not at the heart. But as they were sung by that eager, spirited, but acutely sensitive East Side girl, they had in them, always dangerously near the surface, a pathos that raised the belly laugh to the dignity of a sob.

Baby Snooks did not have, and still does not have, that distinguishing Bricean quality.

"When I was in vaudeville in 1914," says Fannie, "one of my songs was Poor Pauline. It made such a hit that I began to sing it in different ways, as an opera singer would do it, as an Italian organ-grinder would do it, and so on. Finally, one night at a party, I did it as a baby in a high chair. That's how Snooks was born.

"She came to life again about seven years ago, when we were talking about numbers for the stage show, Sweet and Low. Moss Hart wrote the Snooks skit for this production. After that I did a show called Crazy Quilt with Phil Baker and the late Ted Healy, for which that great comedy writer, my friend Dave Freedman, did a Snooks skit. Thus began an association which continued until Dave's death, and it provided much of the material I have recently used for Snooks' radio program."

AS played by Miss Brice on the stage, Baby Snooks (her mother, by the way, pronounces it Schnooks) was a child supposedly about four and a half years old, and dressed for that age. When Fannie went into the routine, her eyes would widen and the corners of her mouth turn up or down to give her an impish, sprightly, and incredibly youthful expression. As played in the radio studio today, this problem child of the networks manages to put her forty-five-year-old creator through this same amazing metamorphosis.

But, as I was saying, Baby Snooks was considered at the time just one of Fannie Brice's funny numbers. Like everything else in the Brice repertoire, she sank into temporary eclipse beside the mounting fame of one song, My Man. Which brings us by way of the Bowery and Forty-second Street to the sunny, and sometimes not so sunny, land of romance.

While Fannie was doing her face-making and leg-lifting routine in Max Spiegel's burlesque troupe, The College Girl, she married a barber. "I did it," she is said to have explained, "because he smelled so nice." Frank White was the barber's name, and his habitat was Albany. The marriage is said to have lasted less than a year.

Those of us who remember the glory that was Ziegfeld's and the vaudeville that was Keith and Albee's can understand how our reigning Broadway favorite soon forgot this early love affair, no matter how fragrant it may have seemed at the time. It is harder to understand how Fannie Brice, at the height of her career, could have fallen for the "sad, misunderstood smile and laughing liquid brown eyes" of Nicky Arnstein. But she did, and the thud of her fall was heard round the world.

"To me," she said long afterward, when she knew how wrong she had been, "he stood for manners, education, good breeding, and an extraordinary gift for dreaming."

Of these qualities only the last, the gift for dreaming, indubitably belonged to Norway-born Julius Wilford Arndt Stein, alias Jules W. Arnold, alias Nicky Arnstein. In the first flush of his happy life with Fannie, he dreamed of perpetual domesticity, to which, with Fannie's co-operation, he later gave two hostages—one a daughter, now nineteen; and one a son, now sixteen. But as the first flush faded, Nicky's dreams seemed to seek their old routine of easy money easily obtained.

To make a very long story short, Nicky Arnstein was accused in 1920 of participation in the great $5,000,000 Wall Street bond robbery, which was later to figure so prominently in the legend which grew up around the name of Arnold Rothstein, and for the next six years Fannie devoted all her money and most of her energy to her miscreant husband's protection and defense.

One day, in 1924, while the excitement about Nicky

was at its height, Ziegfeld handed his star a French song, Mon Homme, which was widely popular in Europe, and to which Channing Pollock had written English lyrics.

"Sing it, Fannie," he said, "and make 'em cry."

Whether the wily showman in Ziegfeld foresaw the effect that this song, My Man, sung by this woman at this time, would have, no one will ever know. But everybody knew about Nicky and about Fannie's loyalty to him, so when she walked out there before that knowing audience in her first "straight" part, and began to sing:

"He's not much on looks,
And no hero out of books
Is my man. . . .
He isn't good,
He isn't true,
He beats me too.
What can I do?"

strong men from the butter-and-egg belt literally broke down and wept for the wife with the sob in her throat and the twisted smile of suffering on her lips who was, they believed, making public acknowledgment of her love for her man.

From an artistic standpoint, what Fannie was actually doing was letting loose for the first time the pathos which competent judges always knew lurked in the shadow of her buffoonery and lent to her most fantastic grotesquerie the poignancy of satire.

The culminating gigantic irony of the *affaire* Arnstein came in the spring of 1927, when, after Fannie had poured out her money and her influence all those years for his defense and comfort, Nicky Arnstein walked out of Leavenworth, made violent love to a $2,000,000 widow, and, after forcing Fannie to give him a divorce, married his new love and went to live in a swank apartment in the Vanderbilt-Morgan colony in Sutton Place.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the final act of this tragic drama was given a typically Fannie Briceish comedy touch by the fact that during Nicky's stay in Leavenworth and presumably in preparation for his release, Fannie had had her nose straightened. Fannie's own explanation of her venture in cosmetology was much less romantic.

"No woman on the stage," she said, "can afford to have a nose that is likely to keep on growing until she can swallow it."

It looked for a time as if Fannie would never rebound from her tragic experience with Nicky Arnstein. Then, one day, she heard the lyric of a popular song, which ran something like this:

In the middle of a moment
You and I forgot what "no" meant.

"Say," cracked Fannie, by way of a jest, "I could love a guy who wrote a song like that."

Apparently she could, for she promptly married the youthful author of this epic, one William S. Rosenberg, known to the theatrical world as Billy (It's Colossal!) Rose.

In his first youth Rose had been a champion shorthand writer. In his later youth he had become a champion popular songsmith—Barney Google, Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder, You Gotta See Mama Every Night, Me and My Shadow, and others. In his first maturity, as a married man, he produced musicals with his wife as star, opened night clubs with real food and real shows, produced a circus in a theater, and saved expositions from their usual dullness by Casa Mañanas and aquacades.

What Billy (It's Colossal!) Rose forgot was that in order to make a success of marriage, You Gotta See Mama Every Night.

Rose had a plausible defense—Fannie's career. "It's no fun," he was quoted as saying, "being married to an electric light." As it turned out, however, Billy's own career as a producer of aquacades—particularly an aquacade with beauteous Eleanor Holm in it—seemed chiefly responsible for the marital tangle in which he soon found himself; for he blandly announced that as soon as he and Eleanor could obtain divorces, she from Art Jarrett and he from Fannie Brice—they would be married.

Jarrett has accommodated. But Rose's apparent confidence that Fannie, when she heard of his new happiness, would say "All right, kids, go ahead," has so far not been justified.

Meanwhile a great new success had come to Fannie Brice which should assuage her grief, if she had any, over the wrecking of her third marriage.

Fannie stopped the show when she appeared in The Follies of 1910.

Fannie's early experience in Hollywood had not been a very happy one. She had made My Man for one company and Be Yourself for another, but neither had gotten the Academy award.

But last year, with Husband Rose occupied with his elephants and swimming girls, Fannie once more listened to the movie sirens, and moved with her family, consisting of her two children and Brother Lew—$150,000-poker-game Lew — to a quiet home in Beverly Hills.

Whenever her employers remembered that she was alive, Fannie toddled down to the studio and did a cinema bit. But her great Hollywood chance was destined to come not on the screen but on the air. When the picture company from which she was drawing her handsome check found itself with a radio program on its hands which, for all its star-studded brilliance, refused to click, the executives turned in desperation to the one sure-fire variety artist on their pay roll, whose presence among them they had very nearly forgotten.

Fannie had tried the radio before, as a guest star with Vallee and as a regular feature with Olsen. She had even done Baby Snooks on the air without any important results. Why she chose Snooks instead of any one of her many other characterizations for her Hollywood radio debut, she does not know, except that it was so different from the rest of the program that it might have a better chance to stand out.

Those of us who know the real Fannie Brice feel that in Baby Snooks she has merely scratched the surface of her potential radio career. We believe that we shall hear over the air waves many other characterizations which will reveal the myriad facets and unplumbed depths of her emotional intensity.

In the meantime Baby Snooks is doing very well, thank you. The morning after her first broadcast the letters began to arrive. They are still coming—by the thousands. The program, once in the doldrums, has become one of the most popular on the air. Everywhere it is known as the Snooks program. Fannie Brice is once more riding on top of the world.

"Thirty years of show business," she laughs, "and I make a hit as a four-year-old baby. I guess that's what you call the magic of radio!"

THE END

THE FISHERMAN

A thrilling tale of the sea and a ship, and two hearts that learned about love

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THEY came streaming into Seattle in late November after nine months' struggle with the savage North Pacific, men stalwart in body and bold in spirit, boats as robust and as valiant.

Rolf Larsen was the youngest skipper in the halibut fleet. He was thick and wide, but his body had grace and pliancy and told its power in movement rather than in bulk. His eyes were blue beneath viking gold. Rolf was made to delight women, and he did not know they existed.

The Yakataga was Rolf Larsen's lady. Halibut men had laughed at her when she was building, the previous winter. They considered ten feet added to the common seventy-four a waste of money. But those ten feet gave the Yakataga a sheer that drew every seaman's eye, and Rolf's dreams had provided a bow and a stern that seemed the product of a sculptor's delicate fingers.

None laughed at her or at Rolf Larsen when they came into port that November day a dozen years ago. She had proved herself as capable as she was beautiful. Launched too late for the opening of the season, she still finished among the high boats on the Alaskan banks. The fishermen were eager to be ashore. Each had nearly four thousand dollars.

All through December Rolf Larsen lived alone in the Yakataga. He had watched each timber fitted into place, had seen each plank shaped to her curves. Now he prowled through her, renewing that acquaintance. He worked on the huge Diesel engine, tuning and testing. He sanded and varnished, scraped and painted, and was completely happy.

It was the first week in January, when heavy rain forced Rolf to cease work, that he heard a knock on the wheelhouse door, and opened it to find Edith Corly standing there.

A trace of indecision vanished before his smile and his embarrassment as he helped her up the steps. "I had to get in out of the rain!" she exclaimed. "I've tried three boats and all were locked. I am looking for Captain Madsen of the Ranger."

"He moved her across the canal yesterday," Rolf said.

She looked at him quickly, and out the window at the acres of vessels that waited so patiently for the sea.

"Why don't you build porches on your boats?" she asked as she shook her little hat.

"You're wet!" Rolf exclaimed. "There's a fire in the fo'c'sle. Here!"

He provided sou'wester and oilskins, led her forward in the rain. The big cabin was warm from the galley stove, the table clean and bare. Rolf put on a coffeepot, and with a fisherman's lavish hospitality he opened canned turkey, a rare cheese, set out bread and butter and jam, asparagus tips and dressing.

"Please!" Edith Corly protested. "I had luncheon. And I must get back. I brought some papers for Captain Madsen to sign and—I never was on a boat. Are they all nice as this?"

"No," Rolf said. "They laughed at me when I built her. Said I wasted money. A ship should be beautiful, though. Besides, her longer lines give her more speed.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"You're only drowning yourself!" Holger shouted. Rolf said, "Maybe I can save her."

and the Lady BY ROBERT E. PINKERTON

That is what halibut schooners need. I saw it coming. The others didn't. They'll have to put in more power or build new boats to run direct to the westward from Seattle. The Yakataga can make an extra trip each season because she's faster. You can't see her here, with boats all around. But she is lovely under way."

Edith Corly did not speak. In that sudden eager warmth there had been revealed to her the fine, real self of a man. Rolf poured coffee, talking again of his ship, of how he had planned her, how she had behaved.

"It is your whole life," she said. "It is almost as if you were married."

Rolf looked at her, startled. He had never considered that. He only knew life had seemed complete.

"You can always depend on a good boat," he said.

Edith Corly laughed delightedly. "But you don't know!" she cried. "Have you tried women?"

Rolf was embarrassed again. Her eyes told that she was teasing him. For the first time he saw how soft was the line of her throat, how the light glinted from her dark brown hair. Something in that throat line reminded him of the Yakataga's bow.

Rain drummed on the deck.

"How will I ever get to a streetcar?" Edith asked.

"It is quite a way to shore," Rolf said. "You would be very wet. Do you have to hurry?"

"I work," she laughed. "For a lawyer. It wasn't raining when he sent me here, but he must know now. And this boat—I could scarcely believe you owned it."

"I don't quite," Rolf grinned. "She cost forty-five thousand dollars. I've still got twelve thousand to pay. But she'll be mine at the end of next season."

She led him on to talk more of the Yakataga. All his diffidence was gone. And he was, she thought, quite the handsomest man she had ever seen.

She caught him watching her. Suddenly he said:

"When the rain stops—would you mind if I got a taxi and took you home?"

After that things happened to Rolf. He bought new clothes. He paid money to taxi drivers, to waiters, to ticket sellers in theaters. He had never done these things before, and of themselves they made no impression on him. He could sit through an entire picture and be aware only that Edith Corly was beside him.

EDITH invited Rolf to dinner at her home. Her father was dead. Mrs. Corly was a small quiet woman who seemed in awe of Rolf's size but was not afraid to smile into his blue eyes. Edith's brother, Fred, was flippant; deliberately talked of things about which Rolf knew nothing, made references to the bank in which he worked, spoke of large transactions, asked Rolf if he had made the football team at the university.

"I went fishing after high school," Rolf answered.

"How much did your new boat cost?" Edith asked quickly.

"I wanted her right," Rolf said, "so she came to forty-five thousand."

Fred blinked. Rolf was about his own age. "You mean dollars?" Fred asked.

Fred Corly was with them when they ran into Matt Bowers, the engineer, in a restaurant. Rolf invited him to have dinner with them. Bowers did not seem impressed by Edith. He had a sharp, jerky stare, and he looked often at Rolf. But he talked to Fred. Both were interested in boxing and after dinner the two went to the fights together.

Early in February the fishermen began to assemble in the Yakataga. The season opened at midnight of the 15th. All were eager to be away. But Rolf found himself dreading to go. Each night he saw Edith.

"End of the season I'll have the Yakataga paid for," he said, his last evening ashore. "Then she'll make money. Lots of it! I'd like her to be working for you."

A few delirious minutes later Edith said, "I have been so jealous of that boat! But I see how a man can love a ship and a woman too."

"It's different," Rolf whispered to that soft neckline. "Only—promise!—she must never come ahead of me."

The Yakataga did not sail the next day. Rolf muttered something to his crew about insurance and went uptown.

"I had to see you again," he said to Edith at luncheon. "I had to touch you again and be sure you were real. It is such a long time to November."

Their hands were clasped on the table. When he saw moisture in her eyes, Rolf felt that nothing could ever touch this moment.

"Dearest! Dearest!" she whispered. "Be so careful

of yourself up there! You must come back to me."

It was bitter "up there" in the Gulf of Alaska—bitter and lonely. Gale followed gale, and the wind carried ice. Snow imprisoned the ship in a small world of its own.

The crew worked much and slept little. Rolf had six hours at the wheel, six hours to eat and sleep. The fishermen worked twelve hours, had six off, worked another twelve. Even the cook, besides preparing meals at all hours, found time to help bait the hooks. Matt Bowers saw little of the big Diesel under his care. He alternated at the wheel with the skipper.

Rolf had always loved the fishing. His attention had never wavered as he maneuvered in rough seas to pick up the keg buoy or crawled slowly along as the 12,480-foot fish line was dragged aboard.

Now he found himself staring absently out a wheelhouse window, found his fingers relaxing. Men at the roller looked up with a grin when they gaffed a hundred-pound fish and he did not see them.

Gales kept the Yakataga on the banks and she did not return to Seattle for nearly four weeks. Because of the delay, the fishermen believed Rolf would leave at once. But he went to see Edith, and waited over a day.

That happened each trip. By May all the fishermen knew why they were delayed in port. Holger Wefald went to Rolf's cabin aft the wheelhouse when they were going north in June. He had known Rolf since the younger man's first cruise.

"You're going to lose a crew," he began bluntly.

"We're having a good season," Rolf protested.

"Not so good as they expected," Holger said. "With the Yakataga's speed and your drivin', they were all set to be high boat. They bragged about it last winter. But they figure they can't catch halibut in Seattle harbor."

Rolf flushed angrily. "The Yakataga can gain two days each trip on any other boat. I paid for those two days, and if I want to use them, that's my business."

"I was just telling you, skipper," Holger said.

Men no longer grinned at Rolf from the well deck. The Yakataga ceased to be a happy, driving ship. And then, late in July, Matt Bowers spoke to Rolf.

"We're going to miss the extra trip we counted on," Bowers said. "We could have been high boat easy."

"What are you beefing about?" Rolf demanded. "You'll share as much as last year."

"I wasn't thinking about my share. I want to see the Yakataga have a good season and get paid for."

Anger choked Rolf. "That's my business."

"And mine. I bought the mortgage on her."

Rolf roared in amazement. "What's the idea?"

"Twelve per cent, and having it where I can watch it. But I don't like the egg basket. The money's due December 1st, and I want it. Got a better place to use it."

GRUMBLING increased on the Yakataga. Bowers let it be known he owned the mortgage and intimated he was afraid it would not be cleared. He also pointed out that a long run to Seattle in July had found prices suddenly collapsing. Rolf had been told it might happen when he spoke another schooner on the banks.

"If we'd run to Prince Rupert we'd have had two cents more," Matt Bowers said. "Seventy-five dollars apiece we lost. Besides four days' running time and an extra day in port. Figure it out yourselves. Each one chipped in a couple o' hundred dollars so the skipper could see this frail."

"You can't mix women with halibut," a fisherman growled.

In August Rolf did run into Prince Rupert, because there was so little difference in the price under Seattle he could more than make it up by the time saved. As soon as they were unloaded they drove back to the westward. He was not afraid now of failing to meet the mortgage. The money was in the bank. But he needed more, for getting married, for insurance, outfitting.

Twice the rollerman yelled angrily at him when he almost fouled the line. And five weeks had passed since he had seen Edith. He could not get mail or telegrams. When the hold was filled, he turned the Yakataga straight across the North Pacific to Seattle.

It was late September when they arrived. Rolf telephoned Edith at her office and learned she was at home. As soon as the fish were unloaded he went to see her.

She was alone. She had been crying. She did not even smile when she found him at the door. And as soon as it was closed she broke into hysterical weeping.

"What's happened?" Rolf begged.

He held her in his great arms, stood helplessly. After a while she became quiet. Rolf felt that he had crushed out the grief. Her body no longer trembled.

"It's Fred," she said. "I always knew he was weak, but I never believed— Oh, it will kill mother! That is what I am afraid of. She worships him, has never seen his—his cheapness. Now—"

It was an old, old story. Fred had been gambling. He had stolen from the bank. For a while he had been able to cover up. Then, desperate, he had gone to Edith; for the bank examiner was coming the next week. Mrs. Corly was visiting a sister in the East. The little property she owned might make up the theft.

"But mother must never know!" Edith sobbed.

Rolf Larsen saw things clearly, as seamen must, and he decided with the swiftness the sea demands. He had the $10,000 in the bank, and he would give that, would give even the Yakataga itself, to shield Edith from suffering.

"I'll write a check now," he said.

"Never—never!" she protested fiercely to him. "You would lose your ship."

"I know the man who holds the mortgage," Rolf assured her. "He'll extend it another year."

Edith insisted she could not accept it from him. She spoke of his fight to build his dream ship.

"I could never forgive myself if you lost her!"

"I won't," Rolf said. He was writing the check. "I'll be a year late, is all. And the rest of this year—I haven't been driving the way I might. We'll sail in the morning, and I won't be back until the season ends. By running to Prince Rupert I can make an extra trip. I'm going to catch you some fish, girl!"

Rolf had difficulty in rounding up his crew. They had expected he would lie over a day or two. He phoned, hunted in speakeasies. The next morning four were still missing, Holger Wefald and Matt Bowers among them.

The fishermen showed up at noon. The cook, helping search, met Bowers on the street; but the engineer said he could not get to the boat for an hour. When he did come, Rolf had the engine turning over and was ready to pull out. They were drawing away from the wharf when Holger appeared, yelled, was picked up.

The Yakataga went out past Cape Flattery and straight across the North Pacific to the Shumagins, over near the entrance to Bering Sea. When they were nearing the banks, Rolf called Matt Bowers into his cabin.

"I want to extend that mortgage for a year," he said.

"Nothing doing!" the engineer snapped. "I've got a safer place for my money."

"But I won't be able to clear it," Rolf protested.

"Then I'll foreclose. I might have listened if you'd fished this season. You'd have earned plenty. But I won't take chances on my money with a man who goes nuts over a girl. They're all on the make and you've got to play 'em that way."

The next day they began fishing. When Rolf was on watch, he called Holger into the wheelhouse.

"You've saved some money," he said. "Want to take a mortgage on the Yakataga?"

"Like nothing better," Holger said. "Only I soaked all I had in a four-flat house. Had to plaster it. What's wrong?"

Rolf told what Bowers threatened.

"I won't take chances on my money with a man who goes nuts over a girl."

"The dirty crook!" Holger studied Rolf's profile. "Skipper!" he exclaimed. "Did that girl have anything to do with you not being able to pay?"

Rolf wheeled from the window. "What do you mean?"

"You got to listen to me, boy!" Holger pleaded. "It wasn't like you to fall for a skirt. You never went near 'em. And when you got to running around with this Corly woman I got scared. It hit you so hard. So I snooped a bit. I saw Bowers hanging out a lot with her brother. We didn't hit Seattle this season they wasn't together. And once the girl was with 'em. This last time—why, I near missed the boat, watching Bowers and Corly."

Holger had talked rapidly. Rolf scarcely understood.

"One thing I got to know," Holger said. "How'd you happen to meet up with her?"

Rolf told him.

"I figured it so," Holger said. "Don't you see, skipper? They sent her down. They framed you. Bowers would like to get hold of this boat cheap. How much you give her?"

Rolf did not answer. Something colder than the spray of an arctic sea had drenched him. Holger took the wheel from his skipper's palsied hands and eased the Yakataga into a breaking wave.

"Better turn in a bit," the fisherman said gently.

Rolf shoved him away. "Get out!" he ordered in a bitter, savage voice. "We're going to fish!"

Holger hesitated. "Look, skipper!" he urged. "She's comin' on to blow. Wait till morning."

Deliberately Rolf ignored the tumbling barometer and the promise of a sea too rough for fishing. With cold intent he hurled self and ship and crew into the depthless emptiness which lay before him.

As soon as the last skate of gear was aboard, Rolf told astonished fishermen he would lay it out again. Into the wind he drove at full speed. Two and a quarter miles of fish line whipped through the gooseneck at the stern. When flag light and keg buoy were overside, Rolf wheeled across the wind, swung before it, laid out another two and a quarter miles. Again and again! When it was all out, when more than eleven miles of line carrying 4,800 baited hooks lay on the floor of the gulf fifty fathoms beneath them, Rolf turned back to the first flag light they had dropped and they began to pick it all up again.

Matt Bowers' watch started before they reached the light. Night had come. The sea was very rough. Rolf did not speak to the engineer, but he remained in the wheelhouse. Bowers crept cautiously toward the tiny electric bulb that soared and plunged.

"You're crazy!" he shouted. "We can't pick up gear in this breeze. That keg will come aboard and kill a man."

"Didn't expect a crook could handle a boat," Rolf said harshly, and he hurled Bowers from the wheel.

On the dark spray-swept deck a fisherman waited with grappling hook and line. Rolf's skill was beautiful, but savagely so. The bow swung, black against a breaking wave. But it swung back, just enough. The tiny flag light was like a star in the sky, then a falling star. The fisherman tossed his hook.

"Can't be done, eh?" Rolf snarled when the line was aboard and the gurdy in gear. "And you thought you'd steal the Yakataga! You and that dirty little thief Corly! Next time we pull in, hit the wharf running, or I'll jerk a leg off you and bat your head off with it. Get out!"

Rolf had been at the wheel since noon. He remained there twelve hours more, and in every moment of that black and gale-slashed night he was tirelessly and savagely alert. Through the long hours men toiled, drenched, in icy wind, never unaware of the demon in the wheelhouse.

As fast as the gear was hauled in it was rebaited, and when all eleven miles were aboard it was set out again. The wind had eased a bit. Fish came up from the bottom by the thousands of pounds. Men, chilled and weary, stumbled down the steps, slept a few hours, ate, returned to the bitter deck. They did not complain. They exulted, for that is the way halibut men earn their money.

THROUGH six days and nights the mad drive continued. Only for short periods could Matt Bowers handle the ship. Nearly always it was Rolf's drawn, savage face that men saw in the wheelhouse windows. He had no mercy for them or his craft, least of all for himself. Even with 55,000 pounds of iced halibut in the hold, Rolf fed more effort to the fierce fire that consumed him. He ordered the gear out again.

They were below the Shumagins when they took that in and it really came on to blow. Within an hour after the last keg buoy was aboard, and before the hatch was battened down and the gear stowed, a near gale was screeching out of the southeast. Rolf stuck her nose into it and gave her the fuel.

Matt Bowers climbed to the wheelhouse. "Trying to wreck her because you're going to lose her?"

His snarl squeaked. Rolf laughed at his fear.

"If you think you can beat me out of my money by driving her to the bottom, you'll be gypped right!" the engineer blustered.

"You got your money back in that ten-thousand-dollar check."

"Yeah? Then how about the thirty-thousand-dollar insurance? The policy is in my name. Think that over."

Bowers ducked below. Rolf drove on. He had not considered the insurance, for he had not considered losing the Yakataga. He had built for strength as well as beauty, and now he was calling upon it to show three crooks that they could not beat him; that he could still fish, could still earn enough to meet his indebtedness and save his beloved craft.

All three were crooks, in Rolf's mind now. For days he had been fitting together the picture Holger had suggested. Phrases, incidents all dovetailed so perfectly they left only the anguish of his desire for faith in Edith. Now he gave the Yakataga a notch more fuel.

Holger Wefald risked his life to get to the wheelhouse. "What you got against us?" he asked.

"Those rats can't beat me!" Rolf said savagely. "I'm going to catch enough fish to clear that mortgage."

"Listen, skipper! No skirt's worth wrecking a good ship for."

Rolf did not reply. Holger watched the little vessel drive against the mountainous seas. A bigger one loomed, but Rolf's hand did not move toward the fuel control. Holger hung on.

It was as if they had struck solid rock. The Yakataga seemed not only to stop but to be driven back. She shivered, groaned. Nothing except the two masts showed forward.

But she did it, shook herself free, gathered way again, rose with pitiful gallantry to meet the next crest. Far off on the port bow, Holger saw the tops of islands through the spindrift.

A fisherman burst through the door.

"You cracked her wide open!" he yelled. "Takin' water!"

Rolf looked at the man, unbelieving.

"The pumps can't gain on it," the fisherman said. "And that gas engine won't last long."

"She could stand that!" Rolf protested harshly.

Holger watched his chance and ducked aft. He found a foot of water slopping across the engine-room floor.

"It's coming from forward," Bowers said. "The fool must have stove her in."

Holger reported to Rolf. The skipper eased her down. Four men, cut off in the fo'c'sle, came running aft. Rolf gave Holger the wheel and went below.

The little ship was wallowing heavily now. All the fishermen were in the after cabin, knee-deep in water. They stared at their skipper.

"I said an hour ago you'd sink her," one growled. "But I knew we could make those islands in the dories."

Bowers came out of the engine room. "She's gaining too fast for me," he said.

"Let's be going, boys!" a fisherman yelled, and all started for the deck.

Rolf was the last up the steps. Men were setting over a dory. The islands were to port now. Two of the crew had fished cod in those waters and knew them perfectly.

The skipper did not speak. He watched the Yakataga wallow desperately but still with courage, and suddenly it was as if he had wakened or had become sober. This ship was the thing he loved, that he had dreamed of and had built. It alone was his life.

He went into the wheelhouse and shoved Holger outside. Both dories were over now. Men called to them.

"Get in," Rolf said to Holger, and he signaled to the fishermen that he himself was not coming.

"Let the fool stay!" Bowers' voice came shrilly, in a lull.

"You're only drowning yourself!" Holger shouted.

"I wrecked her," Rolf said. "Maybe I can save her."

Better than any other man, Holger understood his skipper. He had seen devotion and self-denial build the Yakataga, and now he saw how Rolf's strength might accomplish a miracle.

"I'll take a try at it with you," he said, and waved the dories to be gone.

FISHERMEN called angrily. They did not understand, and they were having difficulty hanging off. Holger settled the question by shutting the wheelhouse door. The dories dropped away.

"You've got no business here!" Rolf protested.

Holger looked forward. "How you figure we'll go at this?" he asked. "If we could get in behind those islands, beach her—"

"She shouldn't need beaching," Rolf protested. "I know what she could take. That couldn't pound the calking out."

"Maybe she hit some drift and stove in a plank."

"Hold her into it," Rolf said. "I'll go forward."

He went down beneath the fo'c'sle, squeezed in beside the huge water tank. A flashlight showed some water there but not much. None was entering at the bow.

"That's funny," he said when reporting to Holger. "If something did give way, it would be forward."

"The stuffing box. You had full power on."

"Water couldn't get in that fast through the shaft log."

"You go look," Holger said. "We've got no dory, and there's a breeze on, and pretty soon all this halibut is going back where it came from. I don't give her more'n a half hour more."

Rolf went down to the engine room. For the first time he admitted the situation was desperate. Water sloshed to the deck beams as the Yakataga rolled and lunged. It splashed over the huge motor, which plugged along as stolidly as if they were fast to a wharf.

The ship stood on her nose as Rolf watched. Steel floor plates were almost exposed, and water bubbled up near the clutch as from a spring.

For a moment Rolf could not believe it. He knew every detail of his ship, knew where that water came from. Then he was on his knees, under icy water, feeling for the line of valves, twisting brass wheels, opening one, closing another.

Again on his feet, he waited, unconscious of the icy clutch of soaked garments. When the Yakataga upended, water no longer bubbled from below. After a long while, when he was satisfied the water was going down, he climbed to the wheelhouse.

"We'll take her to Seattle now," he said.

"Sure, if we had wheels on her."

Rolf moved the controls to give her a bit more speed.

"I told you she could stand it!" he exclaimed fiercely. "It wasn't her fault. Bowers was pumping water in, not out. He started when we hit that big one."

"You crazy?" Holger demanded.

"When you mortgage a boat, you have to make out the insurance to the lender. I carried thirty thousand."

"So that's it! And he knew you, skipper! He knew you would never quit the Yakataga while she was afloat. That'd leave him clear. You have a hunch on this?"

"No," Rolf answered slowly. "I just knew she could stand that beating."

TWO hours later the Yakataga was free of water and heading out into the Gulf of Alaska. Rolf Larsen remembered one of the first things he had said to Edith Corly: "You can always depend on a good boat." The Yakataga had not failed him, but the thought brought only emptiness. As Rolf stood at the wheel, easing her into the big ones, feeling the gallant buoyancy of her beneath his feet, he knew that his ship and his life would never be the same again. Always, when he stared into northern mists, he would see the face of the girl in whom he had believed.

Holger spoke to him one day: "I've got a brother-in-law with some money. Maybe I can raise it for you."

Rolf threw an arm across Holger's shoulders.

"Guess it's just men and ships," he whispered.

But the face in the mist persisted in that long slog across the North Pacific. Neither man had much sleep. They were drunk with weariness when they passed Swiftsure Lightship and entered the strait. Puget Sound was thick as they nosed up to the fish wharf in Seattle. And after Rolf had stopped the engine and climbed back to the deck, there was the face again.

Edith Corly leaped down and ran toward Rolf. She waved a slip of pink paper. Rolf, hating her, believed her smile the more glorious because it came through tears.

"Your crew wirelessed you were lost!" she cried. "Oh, Rolf! Rolf! Let me feel of you! You are alive! I couldn't believe it last night when word came that you had passed inside."

She was in his arms. His own eyes were wet, and in his heart was no memory of bitterness or hatred.

"Take it!" she begged as she pushed a check up to his face. "I never cashed it. I couldn't take your ship from you. So I went to the bank. I was going to tell them I would make the loss good. If I had to work always!"

"You what?" Rolf demanded blankly.

"But it wasn't true. Fred hadn't stolen. He was discharged two months before. He did that to me! To us! But I made him confess what he and Bowers were trying to do. Oh, dearest! Dearest! Don't hate me!"

Rolf Larsen was trying once more to stifle her sobbing. And because seamen must think quickly and act with equal speed, he was speaking.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Why should I ever hate you?"

A little later Holger blundered around the deckhouse into utter bewilderment, for he heard his skipper say:

"Women and ships—you can always depend on them."

THE END

THE MENACE OF MATERNALISM

Are we ruled by our women? A daring rebel—defying the lightning—speaks his mind

BY JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE country is ringing with denunciations of paternalism. Congressmen curse it; newspapers condemn it; strong men shudder at the ravages which it makes. The real danger is maternalism.

There is more menace to the American people from rule by women and by womanish ideas than there is in all the paternalism in the world.

Paternalism is all wrong, of course, even though it pretends to embody the attitude of a wise father toward his children. The triumph of paternalism is to breed a son who can lick the old man. The triumph of maternalism is to keep grown people babies, dependent, healthy, clean, and irresponsible children. Maternalism expects complete, abject, and instantaneous obedience; maternalism demands compliance with the "mother knows best" idea; dreads independence of thought or action; cradles, coddles, and all but nurses people and institutions.

Let's get down to cases. Here are two propositions which have stood the test of history. The first is that no woman should enjoy a position of undefined or absolute authority over any male above the age of puberty. Ours is the only major country where this is permitted. The second was made by a wise Asiatic statesman—incidentally, the husband of a charming Englishwoman. He said: "Men must always do what women want but never in the way women want them to do it!"

There can be no question about the fact of woman's domination over American men. For that our school system is to blame. Boys at the age of adolescence with us are put under the control of women, frequently of elderly old maids who have little or no knowledge of or sympathy for the special problems of growing boys. This control leads American men to regard women as being the natural authority before whose arbitrary will reason, instinct, and even destiny must stand aside.

The spread of education has revealed that there are many competent women who are fit to be doctors, lawyers, scientists, and business executives—so it is no longer possible to pretend that the ability to work for money is confined to the male sex. But the point is that there *are* exceptions. For the mass of women in this as in other countries, there is only one destiny: to be admired by a man, to marry him, bear his children, cook, wash, and keep house for the family. And there is, conversely, only one destiny for the mass of men: to admire women, to marry them, to labor to support their families.

It is here that social standards can throw the wrench into human happiness. Where men are taught to regard women as endowed with supernatural wisdom and authority, there can be nothing but disaster in the discovery that a woman usually has neither wisdom nor authority, that she is inexorably led by her destiny, and that his own instincts are the only sure guide which he can follow in enabling her to fulfill her destiny and thereby to fulfill his own.

Women recoil from this proposition. Because they have been endowed with a nature which ceases to be dynamic and significant when they reach an age beyond which they cannot normally expect to retain the strength to raise a child, they have imposed or sought to impose on men a similar disability. The brutal fact remains that men retain vital powers long after women.

But men have been trying to live their lives as if they were women—are failing to do so because men are *not* women. This is, of course, maternalism—the "mother knows best" idea, the subjection of men to women.

In the last twenty years maternalism has invaded our national politics to an alarming extent. The first great wave was prohibition. "Mother knew best" about liquor, and it took thirteen years of lawless bootleggers and poison hooch before we shook off this attempt to deliver us from alcoholic temptation by outlawing liquor.

THERE has been paternalism in the New Deal, and there has been an ominous amount of maternalism. Take these federal homestead projects, for example. Several of them have been run by women. I can see one of them now—fiercely devoted to "her people" pleading and fighting for them, demanding that, because they had had a hard time, they must in effect be supported by the government in comfort to "make up" for what they had suffered. A less pleasant picture comes to mind, of a middle-aged female social worker in charge of a "farm colony," who shipped some people home because they had complained about the quality of the food or something.

What do we expect? If you treat people like children they will act like children; but it is hard that a man should be deprived of the chance to support his family because an elderly and dried-up female doesn't realize that it is human, natural, and desirable for people to grumble, criticize, and even to complain.

The Relief administrations, with their case workers and their "social workers," and to a lesser extent the Subsistence Homestead people, have slowly been filling America with little tyrannies, which are no less tyrannous and no less indefensible because the tyrants wear skirts and mean well. Federal asylums, institutions, Indian reservations, places where people have no privacy, where the Y. M. C. A. worker of the war years and the "progressive" schoolteacher of the boom period have found a new happy hunting ground. Places where you are indexed and cross-examined and denied the immemorial human privilege of minding your own business; places where you can't rent a house without a medical certificate; places where to accept the help you need subjects you to petty tyranny by petticoated and besotted benevolence, places where folk-dancing and basket-weaving take the place of elemental human dignity.

Faugh!

THE END

PARADISE KATE

The gripping, colorful story of a girl's dark adventure swiftly changes its scene

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

ABOARD an old tub, fleeing Shanghai, then under Japanese fire, two American newspaper reporters listen to a story from a young fellow of their own nationality who tells them he must return soon to the besieged city to hunt for the notorious Paradise Kate of Thibet Road.

Sixteen years ago, he says, Kate was the wife of Billy Slater, a sports writer on the Los Angeles Blade. They had a little boy of six. The young and beautiful mother kept her job as manicurist at the Ambassador Hotel, where her flashiest and most liberal patron was Carlo Rossini who went under the name of Donald M'Leod.

His attempts to date up the lively Kate met with no success. Taking another tack, he suggested that he could put her husband in the way of some easy money. But Billy turned it down, warned Kate against M'Leod, and hinted at a lucrative proposition he was about to accept.

When Kate learned that this was a life-risking airplane stunt, she fought the idea, but Billy was set on it. To bring him to time, she went out with the insidious M'Leod. It was a fatal move. He took her to an underworld hangout where she witnessed a murder among his gangster followers. For self-protection, M'Leod had her smuggled to Singapore. En route, Kate learned that her husband was killed in an airplane crack-up and her little boy adopted.

Kept prisoner, Kate was sold to Koo Sung, and lived in his Palace of Ten Thousand Epigrams in Singapore until Ching Ling Hi, a giant coolie, strangled her admirer, D'Acosta. Together, Ching and she escaped from the palace of Koo Sung, made for the water front, and there clambered aboard a junk sailing for Shanghai. Pistol in hand, Ching led the way, held up the skipper and demanded food and a free voyage for them.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

PART FOUR—ESCAPE ... AND A SHOT IN THE DARK

SU CHANG was the name of the Foochow junk. It meant "Reverential and Sedate" and had been conferred upon her—ironically, since she kicked and reared like a mustang—by Eng Hai, the wizened little skipper. He turned out to be sensible as well as jovial.

Sensible when, faced by the steely threat of a brace of revolvers, he did not argue, but submitted with a smile and a shrug, remarking it was the course of wisdom to kiss the hand which one was unable to bite. Jovial when, as the frightened cook served steaming bowls of excellent food, he announced he saw no reason why he should not eat and enjoy his share. And he became amiable over the third helping of well chopped, well spiced *f'vei wu* and friendly over the seventh cup of potent, aromatic, lukewarm *sho shing* wine.

So did Ching Ling Hi.

Indeed, after supper—when pipes had been lit and the fragrant opalescent clouds were rolling sluggishly across the mats—the two men swapped protestations of undying affection. Swapped confidences, too.

So Ching had killed? He was a fugitive from the white men's justice?

What of it?

He, Eng Hai, hated and despised all white men. So proud they were of the color of their skin. And yet, had it not been remarked by a Pekingese philosopher that whiter than the white man is the leper . . .?

Ahee. He sighed; helped himself to another generous swallow of *sho shing* wine.

Let friend Ching have no fear!

Should the British police trace him to this junk and communicate with the Shanghai authorities, asking them to extradite him and the lady—a lovely and exquisite lady, though a foreign barbarian—then he, Eng Hai, a respectable person, famed for his probity and whose word was silver and gold and pearls, would swear a mighty oath that the two had boarded the Su Chang early in the morning, long hours before the murder. And should the white men produce witnesses to prove him a liar, thereby causing him to lose a great deal of face, then he would produce even more witnesses—indeed, all his sailors, as well as half his lodge brothers in Singapore—to prove the others worse liars and cause them to lose ten times as much face.

Besides—and, as it turned out, the captain guessed correctly—he doubted that the British would bother about starting extradition proceedings. They had other and graver matters to occupy their minds, at least in Shanghai, with the town in its usual state of political turmoil.

And so . . .

"Shanghai will mean safety to you—rest assured, O wise and older brother!"

He raised the bottle and drained it.

"*Pao ch'ing mien yang!*" he cried. "Death to the foreigners and honorable loyalty to China!"

He hiccuped loudly; got up. Gallantly, with his hands clasped across his chest, he bowed to Kate. He left the cabin and went on deck, rapping out harsh commands in pungent Cantonese:

"Sheet home the topsails! Ah, sheet them home, you reeking gutter rats, and put your backs into it!"

The junk shivered protestingly, then leaped forward like a strong hound—leaped forward day after day,

Over the left rail Ching and Kate went down a rope ladder, dropped into a small boat, were swallowed by the evening mists.

with Eng Hai driving her mercilessly.

Plunge! Tremble! Kick! Rear! Dash on!

North-northeast! The end of the third week.

Moving more slowly, under jibs and mizzen.

The outlines of a bay holding out green arms. A small port there. Trading to be done.

The splash of the lead.

"Hold her!"

The long, lazy swish of oars. The staccato rattle of oarlocks.

A voice hallooing:

"Junk ahoy!"

A scramble alongside. Merchants —Malays and Chinese, Siamese and Annamites—coming over the waist rail. Effusively greeted by the captain. And in the latter's cabin, over smoke and whisky and scented jasmine-blossom tea, the gossip of the hour. Gossip chiefly of China—the huge, amorphous, unhappy country in the throes of revolution and counter-revolution.

There was spirited bargaining. Buying and selling. The clink of coined gold. And Ching Ling Hi, as he saw the glittering piles, drawing in his breath with sensuous pleasure; his strong hands opening and shutting greedily, rapaciously; his eyes shining like mica disks, almost frightening Kate.

Ah, she reflected, the chilly cruelty in those black slanting eyes. The granite pagan resolve to get there. A man who would stop at nothing—and her partner. . . .

Well, it was no good blaming him. Rather, learn from him. Absorb some of his granite resolve.

Wait till she got to Shanghai! The world there would be her oyster, and she'd be the one to crack it open and add the tabasco and the horseradish. She'd have the dough—and plenty —before she returned to California. . . .

So she would sit there, petting her own diamond-hard thoughts, smiling impersonally at the traders. And as impersonally they would smile back at her.

Ceremonious farewells would be exchanged; and once more the Su Chang would be off with a bone in her teeth, while the captain's voice peaked to a scream as he addressed the man at the wheel:

"Steer her, O goat cheese at high noon! Where, by the Buddha's blessed toenail, did you learn to steer? On a caravan trail? Ah, you are sailing a junk, not riding a dromedary, O brother to many dromedaries!"

And plunge! Dash on!

Day after day.

Night after night.

Days and nights that later on were never very distinct in Kate's mind. . . .

INDEED, when in the years to come, after she had become Paradise Kate, a legend to the yellow and a scandal to the white men of Shanghai, somebody would ask her for the details of this incredible, fantastic adventure—this voyage on a Foochow junk up along the coast of southeast Asia, of a woman, a young American woman alone among a ruffianly coolie crew—she would shake her head rather helplessly.

Aw, gee—destiny was sure tough on her! . . .

At first, of course, she was a little excited at the newness of the life that opened up before her. The tropical islets. The coral waters. Late in the evening, gray clouds cutting athwart the purple sky, with the moon looking out between them, wan and thin as an old heart-wringing ghost. A breeze rising, holding. Enough of a breeze to fill the canvas and send the Su Chang forth again into the swathing night.

No land in sight. The sea like a black abyss. And then one morning, with no warning, the wind bloating incredibly. Booming, lumbering, inexorably out of the scarlet east. Now snarling as a dog snarls, now howling viciously as a wolf howls—and the captain's shout:

"Typhoon! Make everything fast!"

The ship, as a gust jerked the topmast staysail, sharply tacking to port.

A burst and crash, like the firing of a shotgun, aloft.

The captain's frantic yell:

"No, no! Never mind the halyard! Let it go!"

And the sailors rushing about, bravely attempting hopeless tasks.

At that moment, with savage rapidity, the full force of the typhoon struck the Su Chang. The ship trembled like a mortally wounded animal. It pitched crazily to leeward, took a drunken lurch into the inky void. God's whole great universe—the imagining came to Kate—moaning as does a soul in purgatory. . . .

She had wedged herself in a corner of the poop deck where there was a bit of shelter. She stared straight ahead. Nor was she afraid. But she felt thrilled and elated—as if, out of the hurricane's untamed sulphur-yellow heart, some massive, healing energy were rushing toward her, surging through her. . . . And she stood there, shoulders squared, head thrown back, crying into the teeth of the typhoon:

"Here I am, God! Here I am! I'm no sissy, God! I'm not scared! And I'll never again be scared! Never again—see? For I know You'll help me! I know You'll make things O. K. for me in the long run—won't you, God?"

The which, if you wish, was a prayer of sorts. . . .

SHE turned as she felt a hand on her elbow. Ching had worked his way across the slanting deck.

"Come on below, Kate," he told her. "I don't want to lose my partner —at least, not just yet."

He smiled at her. It was not an unfriendly smile.

For, in a way, he liked her. So throughout the years to come—though at times she would recoil from his utter stony brutality—did she like him.

It was a queer kind of mutual, rather sardonic sympathy; and later on Kate would comment that it was based on no better—or no worse—foundation than that each was aware of the other's degradation, of what life had made them.

She learned a good deal about his past life—his harsh orphaned childhood in Singapore, his slavery in Malayan tin mines and rubber plantations—during the next few weeks, while the junk luffed and tacked its reckless way up along the China coast; and, likewise, he learned a good deal about her.

Happy she had been, she told him, in Los Angeles. Decently, modestly happy, she and her Bill—and Junior, the sweetest, brightest little kid you ever saw.

Spats? Well, all married people had spats. Sort of hair-trigger toward each other, she and Bill, once in a while, when both had come home from work late and tired. And, she guessed, it had been her fault more often than his.

She was sorry for every cross word she had ever spoken to him.

Poor square-shooting old Bill—believing that she had two-timed him with that rotten gangster. . . .

Sure! That's why he had leaped from the plane, refusing to pull the string of his parachute, smashing himself to bits, while she, because she had witnessed them bump off that gangster — Big Mike, some such name—had been already on her way to Singapore. . . .

For that was the choice M'Leod had offered her:

"Death—or Singapore. . . ."

Ching looked up.

"M'Leod—ah?" he echoed.

"Yes." Kate's eyes blazed. "The things I'd like to do to him—the treacherous swine . . ."

"*Donald* M'Leod?" interrupted Ching. "Or—to give him his Italian name—Carlo Rossini?"

Kate was startled.

"You" — she stammered — "you know . . ."

"What I heard, here and there."

"But . . ."

"Was I *(Continued on page 24)*

CAN YOU PASS THIS INTELLIGENCE TEST ON WHISKEY?

IT'S FUN to guess—but it's better to KNOW how to select a whiskey that offers every quality you could ask for. Try this Question-and-Answer test. If you can answer these questions correctly, you may rightly consider yourself a judge of fine liquor...

1. With what does the well-informed host associate the name "Paul Jones"?

a. *An old-fashioned square dance*

b. *An American Revolutionary hero*

c. *"A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865"*

2. What is meant by a DRY whiskey?

a. *A whiskey without a trace of sweetness*

b. *A whiskey distilled during a drought*

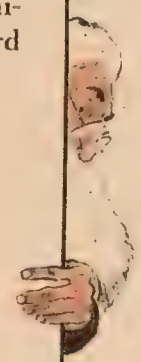
3. With what does a discriminating drinker associate the word DRY?

a. *The Sahara Desert*

b. *Champagne*

c. *Sherry*

d. *Paul Jones Whiskey*

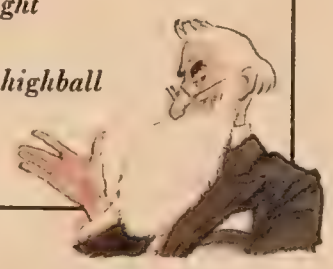


4. How should Paul Jones be enjoyed to best appreciate its crisp quality of DRYNESS?

a. *In a cocktail*

b. *Straight*

c. *In a highball*



5. What's a mighty good thing to do if you haven't yet become acquainted with this superb American DRY whiskey?

a. *Ask for Paul Jones at your favorite bar*

b. *Buy a bottle and try it at home*

6. When?

a. *Sometime soon*

b. *Today!*

Here are the correct answers: 1: *c.* 2: *a.* 3: *b, c, d.* 4: *a, b, c.* 5: *a, b.* 6: *b.* And if you do as we suggest in 5 and 6, you'll quickly discover that Paul Jones' brisk, clean-flavored DRYNESS is just one of *many* reasons why this is the whiskey you've been searching for!

Paul Jones

A DRY WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies

100% straight whiskies—90 proof

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville & Baltimore

(Continued from page 22) not for quite a while employed in Koo Sung's Palace of Ten Thousand Epigrams?"

"I'll say you were!" Kate wriggled her back, as if she could still feel the sting of the whip.

"And am I not," he continued, "in the habit of washing my ears? Did I not keep these same ears wide open when, over their opium pipes, great *towkays* would swap confidences and pay little attention to a humble coolie? Oh, yes! I heard—things. And I know that Koo Sung—which is surely the reason why you were taken to his place—is one of M'Leod's partners. So was D'Acosta, the little rat whose neck I broke."

It seemed—Ching went on to explain—that the California racketeer had friends and associates not only in Singapore but all over the Far East. What business were they engaged in? He was not certain, but willing to make a guess—and a wager.

"At all events," he added, "M'Leod—since you witnessed the killing and he is afraid of you—is your enemy. And a dangerous one, given his influence."

"No longer dangerous. Got away, didn't I?"

"You did. On the other hand, are you not forgetting that he offered you the choice between death and Singapore, and that—ah—you are neither dead nor in Singapore?"

Kate shrugged her shoulders. She was nervous but not convinced.

Of course it was obvious that Ching must have learned—well—something. Perhaps from Fah—the old Chink hophead, the bo's'n on the Semiramis who had been in cahoots with M'Leod and had sold her to Koo Sung. But all the rest . . .? She didn't believe that gangster's influence stretched clear across the Pacific. Sounded like a bunch of melodramatic movie hokum—the Perils of Pauline—sure!

Ching, she told herself, was just trying to scare her so that she'd stick by him.

But then she had no way of knowing that as soon as her disappearance had been discovered, the cables had sent coded messages from Singapore to Los Angeles, to a palatial suite of offices on Wilshire Boulevard on the glassed front door of which, quite recently, had been gilt-lettered the impressive legend: Sino-American Trading Corporation. Donald M'Leod, Pres. Nor had she any idea that her presence aboard the junk had been spotted and reported, though not to the police; with the result that ultimately, while the Su Chang was on her last lap, a man arrived in Shanghai, where he registered at the Cathay. . . .

SEEING him would have caused her heart to skip a beat.

For he was the lean hawkish gangster—known to her only as Pete—who belonged to M'Leod's mob. And he was as foppish today—with his fifty-dollar Panama hat, his waist-fitting cream-colored pongee suit and vividly striped cummerbund—as he had been on that night, more than a year and a half ago, when she had watched him plunge his stiletto between Big Mike's shoulder blades.

He said to the desk clerk:

"I'm expecting a Chink to call. Guy by the name of Li Yuan. Send him straight up."

"Very well, sir."

Later in the day, Li Yuan entered Pete's room. He was a pudgy, middle-aged, butter-yellow Mongol whose superb robe of peacock-blue satin, heavily embroidered with writhing crimson-and-gold dragons, was topped, rather startlingly, by a dusty bowler hat.

He removed it and bowed deeply.

"One of my junks has sighted the Su Chang. Has spoken to her."

"And?"

"She will be here on Saturday evening. She will come on the late tide. I know the place where she docks. There will be customs agents to meet the captain, and," with a thin smile, "two of my own agents, besides myself, to meet . . ."

"I get you, Steve," cut in Pete. "Make sure that there'll be no slip. The chief's scared stiff of that skirt, of what she can spill. He's wishing now he hadn't fallen for her yammering that night, had given her the works. Anyway, she's got to be taken for a ride—and with no return ticket."

"If," suggested Li Yuan, "you wish to attend the—ah—obsequies . . ."

"Nice of you to invite me to your little party. But I haven't the time. Got to leave here tomorrow for Soochow. You come here and report on Sunday night—when I'll be back."

"Business in Soochow—eh?"

"You've said it!"

And Pete spoke words that would have confirmed the vague suspicions anent the nature of M'Leod's financial dealings which, some time earlier, Ching Ling Hi had voiced to Kate. . . .

THE latter, on the following Saturday evening, was standing on the poop deck of the junk as it zigzagged its wary path through the crowded shipping of the Whangpoo.

Off the port bow she could see the sharp braggart silhouette of the International Settlement and the French Concession, assaulting eternal Asia with its pinchbeck stuccoed efficiency. Farther in the distance, the native town of Nantao closed in like a huge tide of brick and mud—as if China were out there, looming up beyond those arrogant European warehouses and wharves and residences—China, passive, patient, flaccid, gigantic, amorphous.

Kate stared. She was excited.

But her excitement was not violent. Nor was it caused by fear of the unknown.

It was a queerly pleasant excitement, akin to triumph. She turned, as voices, drifting from the deck cabin, jerked her back into the realities of life.

Eng Hai and Ching were in there, wishing each other farewell over a bottle of *sho shing* wine.

"I like you," the former assured the other. "Strong you are. Ruthless. Willing to take things by the tail, if you cannot take them by the head, so as to"—he paused slightly, looked up—"attain your own ends."

"And what other ends are there?" was the naïvely brutal rejoinder.

"Unselfish ends."

"*Hayah,*" contemptuously, "you talk like a rich Christian!"

"Listen!" Eng Hai spoke with deep, driving sincerity. "I am old today. I am bitter—*because* I am old—and feeble, useless, no longer able to work. . . ."

"But—your junk. . . ."

"I mean—to work for China. Yes. Too old to work—and fight—for China. But you are young. . . ."

"Pah—what is China to me?"

"Are you not, too, of the *Han Rai,* the black-haired race? Is there no pride in you, no ambition?"

"Ambition—aye—to heap gold on gold!"

"Gold," exclaimed the captain, "is worthless! Goid is the breath of a thief!"

"Gold is achievement!"

"Gold is an evil spirit!"

"Gold is power!" Ching Ling Hi brought a fist smashing down on the taboret so that the wine cups trembled and clinked. "Give gold to a mangy pig—and people will kowtow to him and call him mandarin pig!"

"And yet, is there not something greater than a mandarin—even a jade-button mandarin?"

"Oh," ironically, "is there?"

"Yes. Such a man as I dreamed of being years ago, when I served the Dowager Empress. A hero. A patriot."

"I was never cut out to be either the one or the other."

"Because, being young and poor, you are as greedy after money as a newborn flea is after blood. I know. But the day may come when—the Buddha grant it! —you will be sated with gold, when your thoughts will turn to higher, finer things—China . . ."

"*Hai*—" impatiently.

"China!" Eng Hai's cracked old voice peaked a sudden octave. "China, the mother, who needs your strength, your ruthlessness. Yes—the day will surely come. And on that day— Here . . ." He sat down at his desk, dipped brush into ink, scrawled rapidly on a

piece of paper, gave it to the other. "Go and see this man. He lives in the French Concession. His name is Grover Cleveland Yat."

Ching was astonished. "Grover Cleve—"

"He was born in America," explained Eng Hai, "educated there, but is still of China—indeed a patriot. He is young—as young as you are—and immensely wealthy, and," with a little smile, "a lover of beautiful women—his only weakness, if it be a weakness." His smile deepened. "Do not introduce him to the foreign lady—unless you wish to lose her. . . ."

He interrupted himself as a sailor stuck his head through the door.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Dock straight ahead."

"All right." He got up to go; added over his shoulder: "The government inspectors will come on the starboard side. Therefore," he laughed, "to avoid all—ah—discussion, I would suggest that you and the foreign lady leave by the larboard. I shall have a boat for you there, and a sailor to row you ashore. And if you want a cheap, safe place in Shanghai, go to the Street of the Leaning Plum Tree—anybody will show you the way—and inquire for the house of Ping Dee. He is a friend of mine. . . ."

He stepped on deck.

"Bring her into the wind!" he roared.

There came shortly afterward, out of the gathering dusk, a question:

"What ship is that?"

"Junk Su Chang, from Singapore."

"Stand by. Coming aboard."

And a few moments later four fussy government inspectors, eager for graft, climbed over the right rail, while over the left Ching and Kate went down a rope ladder, dropped into a small boat, were swallowed by the creeping evening mists. . . .

THEY reached the rickety pier; went up a steep slippery flight of steps. A passing coolie directed them toward the Street of the Leaning Plum Tree.

They were unaware of the three men who had appeared out of nowhere and were following closely. Three men whose shrewd slit eyes were familiar with the neighborhood, saw here everything proper and helpful for the pursuit of their sinister vocation—the corner dives with their lurking, furtive entrances; the sudden mysterious alleys cutting wedgewise into the greasy wilderness of brick and mud and stone; the soft slime underfoot that deadened the slurring of their felt-soled slippers. . . .

So they walked along. First the two. Then the three.

Silence enfolded them like a cloak. The stark, humming silence of a great city asleep; and, beneath it, the houses huddled together in gray, shapeless, frightened groups.

Houses that whispered secrets to each other. Secrets into the trooping shadows. Secrets into Kate's heart that beat like a trip hammer.

She was still conscious of that same queerly sensuous excitement.

Excitement all about her. In the very atmosphere.

Atmosphere, she imagined—but then she was so young and saw at times only what she liked to see, felt only what she wanted to feel—of romance.

Romance of China, of silk and porcelain and scented tea and delicate black-and-gold lacquer. Yet, in reality, rags here rather than shimmering precious silk; rusty Standard Oil containers rather than porcelain; and much more gin than scented tea; and no lacquer to speak of.

If romance at all, then sordid romance. Brutal blood-stained romance. Romance of knife and pistol. Such a pistol, for instance, as just then, while Kate and Ching turned into a narrow dark alley, barked sharply—and she gave a cry of agony.

What will the next shot do to the desperate pair? Can Ching and Kate escape from these fatal pursuers? Their whole future hangs on the next life-or-death moment, which comes with breath-taking surprise in next week's Liberty. You must not miss it!

Greet your grapefruit with a grin!

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

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For Morning-After *FRESHNESS* Smoke Ever-Fresh Old Golds

WHEN you wake up in the morning with a dark brown outlook on life . . . do you blame it on too much smoking the night before?

Often, *not* fewer, but *fresher* cigarettes . . . are the answer to *feeling fresh yourself!* Tobaccos made irritating by staleness can cause unpleasant morning aftermaths.

That's why the freshness of Old Gold's long-aged, prize crop tobaccos is guarded by a stale-proof package of double Cellophane, double-sealed.

Turn to *ever-fresh* Old Golds and greet your grapefruit with a grin. Old Golds are always at *their* best . . . for *your* best!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

PEKAN

THE KILLER

the margin of the still pond, a tall gray bird stood moveless on spindly legs.

Stirring, powerful . . . a tense drama of fear in the forest, a peril that struck from the night, and a destroyer's doom

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

ON the edge of evening, as the harvest moon swung clear of the pointed fir tops, a dark object high up in a beech tree that looked not unlike a great bird's nest, stirred abruptly and came to life. Pekan, the fisher, one of the rarest and strangest of all the forest dwellers, had awakened to the tocsin of the night, his day.

Though he was little over three feet in length and weighed only thirty pounds, he was a creature specialized to the *n*th degree in speed, craft, and ferocity, by long odds the deadliest animal on the North American continent for his size and weight.

As the fisher stretched himself on the high branch he resembled nothing so much as a big black cat with a long luxuriant coat and a round grayish head, and indeed black cat is the name by which he is known to hunters and trappers. Pekan, his other name, is northern Indian for killer. Why he was ever called fisher is a mystery, for he never fishes and eschews the water. He belongs to those deadliest of killers, the weasels. Next to the wolverine he is the most powerful of his family and far and away the most accomplished assassin.

Reaching the trunk of the tree, Pekan paused and sent through the silent forest a cry, faint and mournful as that of a lost child. He descended the tree then in a sort of legless flow, head downward.

Snakelike in the sinuous rhythm and co-ordination of his movements, Pekan went bounding away amid the thickets on one of the many runways he had discovered the day before in the heart of the great tamarack swamp. This was new territory, far removed from his usual haunts. Like most of the weasel kind, he lived alone, except during a brief period of mating, once each year.

When one morning a week before his mate had tried to kill him in his sleep, Pekan knew that his love-making was over for that year at least. Since then he had been traveling steadily southward. The day before, his wanderings had ended at the edge of this great swamp.

For more than an hour Pekan ran the rabbit trails by way of sport before the serious hunting of the night began. This was a bloody workout which he loved beyond all telling—not that he ever ate much of the rabbits' soft and pithless meat. He craved far stronger fare. It was the kill, not the feeding, that was paramount.

Eight times Pekan slew amid their foolish skipping ranks before he tired of the game. He was feeling in fine fettle. In all this region, so far as he had seen, there was not a sign of man, and man was the one being Pekan had reason to fear.

Presently, as he bounded along, skirting soggy patches of morass, he saw against the milky luminance of the now risen moon a porcupine moving slowly out along the branch of a great pine like a huge clockwork beetle.

Joyously Pekan flashed up the trunk with the speed of a licking flame. The hedgehog saw him coming and instantly twitched into a ball twice his normal size and crouched, moveless, all but his tail bristling with keen barbed quills, which lashed back and forth ready to drive a multitude of poisoned darts into the enemy, should he attack. Once embedded in an animal's flesh, those quills,

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

which are envenomed and thickly barbed to their very tips, would work in deeper and deeper, rankling and festering as they did so. The fisher, however, is by some magic immune to their effect.

Pekan bounded lightly out along the porcupine's branch, and clear over him from the rear, just missing the savagely lashing tail. He turned, and through the opening of frontal spines he raked the porcupine sharply again and again across the face with lightning strokes of his paw. The porky rattled his armor and squeaked and cried with rage. Suddenly inserting a paw beneath the nose of the quarry, Pekan tilted him clean off the branch with a powerful upward jerk.

Quills fell crashing through twigs and branches to the ground far below. Pekan launched downward at the same instant and the two alighted almost simultaneously. Before the porcupine could gather his addled wits for a fresh defense, the fisher had torn open his unguarded belly and began feasting upon the spot, ripping out chunks of the tender savory meat as one would eat an oyster on the shell.

Long before he was sated, Pekan stopped. Not for him the loginess of a filled stomach. Having washed, he carried the remains of the porcupine up a tree and cached it in a high crotch.

It was now close to midnight and the three-quarter moon rode high in the heavens. Pekan, very pleased with his early night's hunting, rose into the treetops and went swarming through them like a great squirrel, making prodigious leaps from tree to tree, seeming to launch blindly into space, yet with never the slightest misjudgment.

He slew numerous nesting birds along his way from wanton pleasure. He aroused squirrel families from their holes, pursued them joyously and, incredible as it seems, ran them down, dropping the bodies of his victims, untasted, to the ground.

He was more alive now than he had been for many weeks; a bit "above himself," it may be, over the good fortune that seemed attending his trail. Shortly before dawn he was trying his hand at killing a few frogs and turtles at the edge of a wide still pond. From time to time he raised his head to gaze aloft with a basilisk fixity, his black lips flickering away from his teeth in a grinning snarl. In the great trees that grew round the pond's margin, what seemed like huge bundles of sticks were to be seen in the high branches. Faint rustling sounds could be heard in these from time to time, and now and then a subdued "squarking" cry. They were herons' nests and their occupants were beginning to stir in answer to the coming dawn.

Suddenly Pekan saw a small black-and-white pointed mask in the shadows overhead. A little raccoon only a few weeks old was peering down at him over the rim of one of the heron nests. Pekan knew all about coons. He dropped the mud turtle whose undershell he had vainly been trying to rip away and swarmed up the tree.

Before the little coon could pop back into the nest to hide, he was dead. For a few brief moments the fisher drank at the torn throat, then he let the limp body fall to the ground. Nothing would have pleased Pekan more than to have lain in wait in the hollow tree and slain the mother coon also when she returned from her hunting. However, the full and golden dawn, bane of all questionable characters, had broken as he made his kill, and the habit of the outlawed, that distinct unease, that growing drowsiness that comes upon all night prowlers at sunrise, was stronger. Besides, he was sated. He went streaking away to the deep woods to sleep until the dusk. . . .

Long before sunset that day Pekan was awake. Hunger was already raging again in his vitals. Incredible stores of vitality that only fresh meat and warm blood could supply, were demanded by a creature of his amazing activity. As he flowed like water down from his sleeping tree, there was a red spark glowing in the depths of his round ebonite eyes and a wrinkle to his thin black lips that spelled one thing—insatiable.

Remembering the porcupine he had killed the night before, he turned unerringly toward the great pine in which he had cached the kill. As he approached the tree a snarl came from his throat and his loping gait changed to a swift and furious bounding. He had seen from a distance that the porcupine was gone.

In an open glade near by he came upon the stolen kill under the paws of a spectral gray beast with pale gooseberry eyes, black tufted ears, and the general expression of a fiend just loosed from the nether regions. It was a big tom lynx who had long considered himself overlord of all the swamp's shadowy reaches.

At the silent approach of the fisher, the big lucivee looked up with a spitting growl, then contemptuously lowered his head to the stolen feast again. It was his misfortune never to have encountered one of Pekan's kind before. Besides, the fisher was little more than half his size and weight. Simultaneously as the lynx sank his big teeth into the kill once more, Pekan's teeth sank into the robber's unprotected jugular.

With an appalling howl of rage and pain, the big cat flung himself upon his back in the traditional attitude of feline defense, bringing into action all four sets of his ripping, eviscerating claws. Against any other creature such tactics would have been fatal. But the fisher is the greatest infighter in the world. Pekan clung like a leech, his jaws working deeper and deeper. For a space the lynx's roweling hind claws wrought grim havoc, tearing the fisher's under parts and laying open one shoulder. Then Pekan whipped his lithe body aside, wrapping himself like a deadly hood about the lynx's shoulders. A few moments more and a burst of bright blood from the big cat's throat was followed by a few convulsive shudders, then silence.

For a time Pekan lay panting and lapping at the hot

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL LINK

The lucivee contemptuously lowered his head to the feast. It was his misfortune never to have encountered one of Pekan's kind.

BUG-A-BOO KNOCKS 'EM

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Be firm with pests that bother you,
The spray to use is BUG-A-BOO.
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They can't escape this potent spray.

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It has the fragrance of the pine.
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Just spray it and no pest can last.
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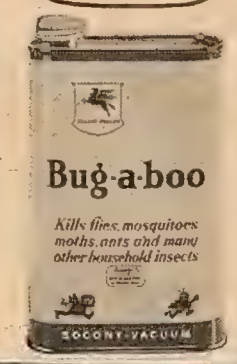

G'BYE BOYS! IT'S

Bug-a-boo

SOLD BY LEADING STORES AND MOBILOIL DEALERS

KILLS FLIES • MOSQUITOES • ROACHES • ANTS • MOTHS

welling blood of his enemy, oblivious to his own dreadful wounds. Had he been a wolf or another cat, he would have become fevered at once, and denned up near water until his wounds healed. But being what he was, he glided over to his twice-won banquet of porcupine meat, polished off the best remaining portions, then flashed away through the underwoods once more with a speed and grace quite unimpaired, to take up his never-wearying search for something to destroy.

For a time he amused himself waylaying wood rats out hunting tubers on the margin of a pool. Later he slew a pair of distant cousins of his tribe, proving himself to be indeed the demon weasel of ancient story. One was a venerable old skunk he encountered meandering peacefully in a fernbrake looking for mice. As Pekan bounded toward him he scarcely looked up from his hunting, only his plumed tail rose on high with short angry twitchings, sign-warning to all who had eyes to read of imminent asphyxiation.

As Pekan leaped in, unheeding, the skunk in terror delivered his ultimatum, a full broadside from the scent bag beneath his tail. Pekan sprang straight into the strangling reek without even a gasp, pinned the skunk to the earth and tore out his throat in a trice. Though not as malodorous as the other members of the skunk-weasel clan, Pekan nevertheless came of the same unsavory tribe; a good spraying of musk was only a touch of high seasoning to him. He crouched and proceeded to lunch on some of the tastier portions of his slain kinsman.

When another dawn was at hand, Pekan looked out over the vast undulations of the surrounding forest.

He was not, however, admiring the view. His eye had been caught by a pair of great birds that rose flapping above the distant forest roof. Herons taking off for their early-morning fishing; and that meant, no doubt, young herons left behind in the great stick nests. Such was the intoxication of the hunt this night that he rose and went bounding away again to see if some further deviltry might be wrought.

BY the margin of the still pond, as full daylight broke, a tall gray ancient-looking bird stood moveless on long spindly legs, peering, peering as if at his own reflection in the still water. Only ten feet away a big raccoon sat just as movelessly on a partly submerged snag, likewise watching the water with wise bright eyes. They were watching for frogs, for each had a hungry mouth or two awaiting his efforts.

Old " Quask, the keen-eyed," as the Indians have named the gray-blue heron, was the most venerable bird in the heronry that surrounded the pond, and the acknowledged head of the colony. The raccoon was a grizzled old male, sire of the little coon Pekan had slain the night before. For three years the raccoon family had occupied the hollow pine tree crowned by its long-deserted nest of sticks that stood on the edge of the heronry. Their hunting habits almost identical to the herons', the coons had been accepted by the colony; they had practically become herons by adoption, as it were.

Tragedy had already visited the home of the old raccoon. His mate, unknown to him, had been waylaid and slain by a wandering cougar a week before, and since then the burden of rearing his motherless family had rested entirely upon the old coon. Luckily his two offspring were already weaned. Nevertheless he had had to hunt harder and farther from home each night, leaving his helpless kits unprotected.

When he had returned home the day before and found one of his little ones murdered, there had risen up in him the most terrible rage he had ever known. His nose told him what creature had done the deed. Of all the killers of the deep woods his kind had reason to hate, the most dreaded, he knew, had found him out. From that hour on, the old coon knew, there could be no moment free from worry, for certainly the assassin would return.

THE two fishermen continued to wait and watch. Once each caught a tiny frog—too small by far to bother taking home, scarcely worth eating themselves. "Squark!" said old Quask, a cry of mixed irritation and satisfaction, as he tossed his aloft and caught it on his tongue and with a jerk and twist of his long neck swallowed it. Before eating his, the raccoon sopped and sopped it in the water at the pond's edge, like the true " wash bear " he was.

Lured by the growing warmth, Quask had drawn up one foot beneath his feathers, turned his head around till it lay in the middle of his back, and was taking one of the many brief naps he stole through the daylight hours, when it came. In the twinkling of an eye, with never a sound or sign of warning, something floated down to the single dead branch of the coon's tree thirty feet away and " froze," fixing emberlike eyes upon the two fishermen. Quask didn't even hear it, but the old coon both heard and saw. Had he not been waiting for just this vision for many a sleepless hour? With a churring growl and the utter fearlessness that only lunatics or outraged parents have, he rushed straight for the murderer.

They met at the base of the dead branch, where Pekan launched himself joyously at the raccoon's throat. His jaws closed on a big mouthful, but it was fur and hide, not throat. The raccoon, with a bob like a boxer, had slipped his lead just enough to turn inside his heavy loose hide, his own teeth slashing at the fisher's foreleg. Pekan tore away, flashed beneath the branch, and, popping up again behind his adversary, sprang upon his back. Before the reaching jaws could find the throat, the coon, with great presence of mind, flung himself

out into the air. In the fifteen-foot fall the combatants separated, spinning about to land unhurt and facing each other.

A moment and, as if at a given signal, they sprang in again. Once more Pekan lanced at the other's throat, but before he reached his mark his long neck was seized in a choking iron grasp from which he could not free himself, squirm and thresh as he would. A raccoon's paws are really black monkeylike hands, and hands are infinitely more cunning in leverage than any claws. They were a weapon of which the fisher knew nothing; perhaps part of their reason for being was for the undoing of such as he. His sinewy body writhed and whipped like a pinned snake's as he fought with all his strength, but those black fingers held.

Meantime old Quask had mobilized his entire following, for an attack on the coon tree was an attack on the heronry itself. Fifteen different herons had risen flapping from the ten great nests above and were veering and circling now in a compact company above the treetops. They screamed, they hissed, they croaked and creaked like rusty hinges, and gasped and gurgled in wrath as if they were strangling as they came pitching downward through the branches. Many of them were very ancient birds, hoary with years and experience. They had met Pekan's kind before and now they knew exactly what to do.

IT is quite probable the old coon might have won his battle in the end, but the herons took no chances. Brushing bark and rotten twigs from the trees with their cumbrous wings, they descended *en masse,* fifteen bayonet bills at point. Every heron as he came to earth struck unerringly at Pekan's head. The killer's eyes were pierced, his very brain was penetrated, he was pinned to the ground by the javelin beaks, blasted from existence between the old coon's paws.

Long after the fierce flame of his life passed out, however, the raccoon continued to clutch him, while the ring of herons continued to stab and pierce the now limp body. And when the coon at last released his hold and turned to the water to wash and wash until the unclean reek of carnivore had vanished from his fur, the herons did an ungainly dance, like old men, on Pekan's prone body, tore it asunder, and finally, to leave no shadow of doubt as to its safe harborage, they swallowed it piecemeal.

At last all was quiet once more by the still pond. Quask dozed again in two feet of water, his head resting on the middle of his back. The old coon slept in his hollow tree, his little one, full fed, curled up beside him. Beneath the high conifer chancels of the forest round about there was a sense that Nature was infinitely at peace, infinitely harmonious once more, at least throughout this province of her domain.

THE END

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP
AT FRANCONIA NOTCH, NEW HAMPSHIRE
WELL, CHUBBINS, THERE'S THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT WE READ ABOUT IN HAWTHORNE'S STORY OF 'THE GREAT STONE FACE!' DOESN'T IT SEEM NATURAL?
YES-IT LOOKS SO CALM AND PEACEFUL. SAY, DAD-I'M SO WARM-LET'S GO FOR A SWIM IN SOME COOL MOUNTAIN LAKE
ECHO LAKE....
COME ON IN, AND COOL OFF, DAD
NO THANKS, CHUBBINS, YOU GO AHEAD-I'LL HAVE A NICE COOL SMOKE
BEG PARDON. I OVERHEARD YOU SAY YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE A COOL SMOKE. HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU GET ONE ON A HOT DAY LIKE TODAY?
WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU. HERE---- YOU JUST FILL YOUR PIPE WITH THIS TOBACCO
YOU SEE HOW WELL THIS TOBACCO PACKS IN YOUR PIPE? IT'S CRIMP CUT TO BURN SLOWLY AND SMOKE COOL----
THAT CERTAINLY OUGHT TO KEEP THE BOWL COOL TOO
THEN, YOU LIGHT UP AND----
MMM! MAN-IT SMOKES COOL AND MILD FROM THE VERY FIRST PUFF. WHAT KIND OF TOBACCO IS THAT AGAIN?
IT'S PRINCE ALBERT-THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE-AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT A SWELL 'CAKE' IT PUTS IN YOUR PIPE TOO!
IT CERTAINLY IS THE RICHEST-TASTING TOBACCO I EVER SMOKED-AND YET THERE'S NO HARSHNESS-PRINCE ALBERT'S MY FRIEND FOR LIFE!
PRINCE ALBERT IS 'CRIMP CUT'-DRAWS BETTER-CAKES BETTER! AND P.A. IS 'NO-BITE' TREATED FOR EXTRA MILDNESS
Make your pipe-dreams come true!
ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS! TRY PRINCE ALBERT FOR FASTER, TIGHTER-ROLLED "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES THAT SMOKE MILDER, TASTIER. AROUND 70 SWELL "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TO THE TIN!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert
Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
READ THIS GENEROUS MONEY-BACK OFFER
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

NIGHTMARE, 1938 – THE

New, startling revelations in the amazing confessions of an American arms smuggler

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DYE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HOW do I smuggle guns out of this country—to anti-Fascist Italians, let us say?

First, I choose as starting point a small sleepy community where the neighbors are friendly souls. New Rochelle, New York, which is on Long Island Sound, is one of my favorites, and another is Annadale, Staten Island, which dozes across the bay from Manhattan.

About midnight, bread trucks—with signs all over them—begin rolling up to a print shop in the Union Square district of Manhattan. Don't ask me how the drivers got the trucks out of the company garage. I paid them seventy-five dollars each to worry about that.

But, you wonder, wouldn't the policeman on the beat think there was something mighty funny about crates and crates being carried out of the print shop and loaded on to bread trucks?

Well, no policeman has yet; and if one ever does, we'll have to talk to him.

We get to New Rochelle, where another policeman waves at us as we jounce past him and draw up at a pier. Waiting there is a tugboat. Or perhaps a gaily lighted pleasure launch, complete with pretty girls, and men in white pants, and somebody playing a guitar.

Safely aboard the launch or tugboat, we move out to our ship, which is quite likely to be the old San Fernando VII, formerly known as the Falke and a lot of other names. She is a notorious filibusterer, and periodically changes name and color to avoid detection. Finally all the "bread" is aboard, and it totals up to 4,000 Krag-Jörgensen rifles, a half million rounds of ammunition, eight Colt-Marlin machine guns, and 500 pounds of T. N. T., worth about $50,000. It has been collected by a Spanish broker (or an Italian) and myself. The Falke departs very quietly, about 3 A. M.

My first and only rule of success is, Pay generous bribes. But don't think that I ever sully a federal agent or a coast guard with a bribe. We don't have to bribe those innocents. Our bribe money goes mostly to the extremely businesslike heads of tugboat lines, to truck drivers, and the like.

Running guns to the Mexican Gold Shirts is fairly simple for a regular practitioner. We go, let us say, to a lonely point about fifteen miles on either side of Juares. Many miles of the burning desert boundary are neglected by the American border patrol, due to its shortage of men, so we burrow under the eight-foot wire fence or crawl through holes cut in it by other smugglers. That's all there is to it.

Back in 1929, when I was only a freshman smuggler, I sneaked $50,000 worth of rifles across at Juares, and I assure you I have done much better since.

It must seem that smuggling in general is unromantic and unthrilling. True, two men were killed when the Spanish Loyalist ship Mar Cantabrico, loaded with arms from New York, was shelled and captured by the Rebels in March, 1937; but after that all shipments going to Spain seemed to arrive safely. Many went first to France; sometimes the cargo was transshipped at sea. . . .

On a summer night in Havana in 1933, the air around officers' quarters was suddenly thick with bullets. I dived behind my desk. Then, when things were quiet, I came out on my hands and knees and launched a stern official inquiry. I learned then, for the first time, of Japanese underground activity in this part of the world—activity which was quickly followed by the semiofficial gunrunning now so common.

That night in Cuba, all Americans in sight were fired upon by the natives. A Japanese, member of an official "commercial mission" from his country, and two Slavs had given them rifles, pistols, and inspirational addresses. They had been able to do the firing themselves.

I was then aide to a staff officer of Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, at the time provisional President of Cuba. I took a detachment of soldiers into the Bahía Honda district to investigate. The Cubans, pointing out the Japanese and the Slavs, said, "They did it."

Under a baking sun we held military court, quickly found the men guilty, and sentenced them to die.

The Slavs cowered and cried as we moved toward three trees. Haters of the United States, they admitted they had been glad to furnish firearms to Cubans who would fire on us. Through all this the Japanese could not be moved to speak. His face showed amazing calm and resignation. It remained that way even when the noose was placed around his neck. . . .

Dusk came, and some Cubans returned to the spot and cut open the veins of the dead men. With the blood, they painted placards to pin to the dead men's clothes. The placards said:

THESE ARE ENEMIES OF CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES

The Japanese government was most indignant.

Today I find that more than half of the bootleg operators claim to be acting for established foreign governments. With practically every country at some other country's throat, the Japanese and Nazis do not have the field alone, and this should be emphasized in fairness to them.

How close is the relationship between government and bootlegger, be the government that of Japan, Germany, Spain, France, or some smaller country?

I know that early this year, when I visited the Spanish Consulate General to propose an illegal arms sale, I was quickly shooed out, but visited one half hour later by a bootlegger who knew of my call.

Japan? That country, alone of the major Powers, maintains offices for both branches of its national defense here, and I have seen Japanese arms bootleggers in an almost impolite hurry to get to these offices.

In 1936, when Mussolini was conquering Ethiopia, the "neutral" French paid my syndicate handsomely to get guns for Haile Selassie. I delivered them almost to the front door of the French Council, the ruling body of French Somaliland, at Djibouti!—whence they were quickly run on into Ethiopia. This was one of the tidiest little shipments of contraband ever sneaked out of New York harbor—for that job we paid a tugboat fleet $20,000.

Representative Melvin J. Maas of Minnesota, member

WORLDWIDE TRAFFIC IN DEATH

of the House Naval Committee, has called for an inquiry into the many Japanese "fishing ships" lying off California, charging that they appear to be gunrunning boats. Going to the aid of one in distress, an American ship found that it seemed to be a high-speed Diesel-engined craft capable of conversion into a torpedo boat, and was manned by a well trained crew apparently made up of members of the Japanese Imperial Navy.

"I know just how fantastic that is going to sound," the congressman said. "It also sounded fantastic to me before I investigated."

Fantastic? What would he say about some of the New

A MUNITIONS BOOTLEGGER

And that night in Cuba, all the Americans in sight were fired upon by the natives.

York arms crowd who, with the help of a Philadelphia group, sold and smuggled 3,000 highly inferior American army machine guns to China recently? The government bored holes into the barrels of the guns, thus rendering them unfit for further use, and sold them for scrap several years ago. But some of the brokers filled up the holes in the barrels as well as they could (itself an illegal act), and sent them off to China, via the Panama Canal, without a qualm. The guns are quite likely to kill the men behind them when they explode.

If Congress wants to keep America at peace in 1938, it might contribute by politely asking all other countries to clear their gun dealers out of here.

AND now, what can be done about people like me—the *decent* bootleggers? Not much, I think.

I have the smuggling fever, plus the American love of playing soldier.

In 1925 I went to France and begged the Foreign Legion to let me help fight the Riffs. The Foreign Legion spurned my services, so I joined the Riffs and fought the Foreign Legion.

From there I went to the wars and revolutions of South America. In 1931 the late President Olaya Herrera of Colombia asked me to smuggle some rifles from New York. When I had done so he directed me to sneak them into his neighboring country, Venezuela, and deliver them to some Venezuelan insurgents. Then he made me an officer in the Venezuelan insurgent army. There I met—and set as my model—a well known soldier of fortune whom I found organizing the practically pantsless Venezuelan rebels into *el Cuerpo de West Point.* He was even teaching them to play songs sacred to the Military Academy on some rusty fifes. The revolution soon failed—but I made good! The Venezuelan government put out a poster bearing my name and the interesting caption, "$10,000 Reward, Dead or Alive." I got out of South America at once. And so was launched on my real career.

Up to now I have failed to get rich. True, my smuggling trip for Haile Selassie brought my syndicate a $65,000 profit; but always there have been those thirty-dollar hauls, like the one I got on my visit to General Franco. This year 1938, the year of turmoil and revolt, did not come a month too soon for me.

As an American, I think I should say frankly that I am frightened by all this armament activity around us, and feel that my own country should take immediate steps to become better protected. We are desperately in need of anti-aircraft guns like the Bofors weapons which Hitler seems to have cornered. And Uncle Sam should be warned that bootleggers are sitting up nights trying to contrive ways to get control of 4,000 to 5,000 Thompson submachine guns owned by the Auto-Ordnance Corporation and stored at Hartford, Connecticut.

Let me emphasize that guns bought by this country should be *legal* guns and not the kind I sell.

For I am, according to my standards, a patriot. In fact, I am a member of one of America's armed defense units —and have been for several years.

THE END

Five Set Final

BY STANLEY PAUL

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE run-in that I had with dad—he's on the Governing Board of the Tennis Union—when I announced that I had accepted Hike Travers' invitation to campaign in doubles was bad enough. But it was only the beginning.

The afternoon we won the Tedesco Bowl in early July, we were on our way to the showers, Hike and I, when Polly appeared in our path. She'd added, since I'd seen her last at Easter, a full inch to her height, and a curve here and there, a gesture, that I'd not known the women-folk of our clan ever to possess, though of course there's only Aunt Hetty upon whom to base a comparison.

I'm exceedingly fond of Polly. She'd never got in my hair—much—the way some kid sisters can.

"Would you, Mr. Travers?" she asked, ignoring me. She held out a pen and a little notebook. There was something about her smile—dad says our mother smiled that way.

Hike said, "Surely!"—and bent from the hips to sign it. He had a way with him in situations of this sort.

"Polly," I asked, "did you see my smash in the eighth game? Pretty good going, huh?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Travers," she said.

"Not at all, Miss . . ."

"Forgive me." I came to. "This is my sister Polly. She has a nice backhand, Hike."

If they heard me, I wouldn't have known.

I said, "Well . . . be seeing you," and left. I turned at the locker-house door and squinted back. I wondered what dad would say if he observed them together, his favorite and only daughter and the tennis player he abhorred.

Things got thick at Agawam, where we played the following week. Polly'd remembered a school friend who lived in Providence and managed to repay a visit long owed. I don't think her pal saw much of her, for she was waiting each afternoon in her roadster when Hike and I came out.

The first night, I went along with them for a shore dinner at Rocky Point. Most of my table companionship came from the lobster I'd ordered. After that I got smart and did my eating alone.

Then Jack Briscoe entered the tournament. Jack was a Dartmouth lad who summered a lot on the Cape. He and his partner, Miles Dean, were last year's runners-up in the doubles championships. Between his more strenuous efforts, he and Polly had sort of played deuce. Polly had seemed fond of him, too, until this quick interest in Hike.

Along about midweek Jack said to me, "Hey, Bill! What the heck! Why don't you keep one eye on your sister? Playing around with that big-time phony. That gift of the gods to the gallery can play the deuce with a young girl's heart."

"Can he?" I asked indifferently. "Well, I don't think he could—with Polly. I don't think he *would*, either. Besides, his social life's his own. So's Polly's, for that matter."

Underneath, however, I didn't like things, either.

Hike and I took the cup from Jack Briscoe and Miles Dean. The handshake between Jack and Hike was a marvel of courteous stiffness. I hurried a bit through dressing and made the veranda before Hike. There was Polly.

I said: "Hey, brat—remember the time in prep school when I wrote sonnets in heart's blood to the second maid one spring and you found them? Remember you didn't peach on me? Well, *I* remember, and I'm not fooling a bit when I say I'm grateful. But I'm telling you,

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

A vivid story of a girl, a gentleman's game, and a volley that ended in love

sister of mine, that this stuff about Hike's got to stop."

"Or what?" she asked very coolly.

"Or else I'll have to tell dad."

"You *never* would," said Polly.

"Well, I had to make the threat, didn't I? Come on, keed," I begged her, "tell what's going on."

"None of your brotherly business," she said.

"Now listen," I said very patiently. "He's nearly thirty. He hasn't a future. He's not part of the same things you are." I saw the contempt in her eyes. "You know I think those things are spinach, but, like it or not, we belong to it, and you've got to live up to it or duck. You're for a lad like Jack Briscoe, who's more . . ."

Polly stood up, looking beyond me. "Hello, Hike!" she said sweetly. "I thought you *never* would come."

Hike smiled at her. He had that light air that success brings—success with a racket and ball.

"Hello, Polly," he said; and, "Hello, Bill. Say, listen. You were passing fair at the base line but punk at the net today. Now, at Seabright next week—" He went on for a bit about tactics.

I said, "Sure, Hike," and meant it; in fact I was drinking it up. Then came Jack Briscoe.

He said: "I'm giving a party at the Biltmore in Providence tonight. Nothing, of course, that will upset any one's condition, unless a man can't agree with excellent Scotch and champagne. You'll come, Polly, won't you? And you, Bill?"

The slight was obvious. How many raps, I wondered, had Hike taken from the golden boys like Jack?

I said at once: "No, thanks, Jack. Hike and I are trekking. Much sleepy-sleep this week-end to take you at Seabright next week."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "You, Polly?" he said.

I shot my sister a look. I said very quickly: "Of course she'll go. She'd love to, wouldn't you, Polly?" I gave her a great big hug—and both of us loathe demonstration. "Good-by," I said rather loudly. Then, so no one could hear: "Don't say it! You'll make it tougher for your hero."

A boy had my roadster out front.

Polly swallowed a bit. She held her breath some—and made it. She and Hike said good-by.

I said, "Come on, Hike. We roll."

The next jam came at Seabright, thanks to a cute little item in the New York press. It was Jack, of course, who showed it to me.

. . . What Tennis Mogul's daughter is burning what Hollywood lovely about what rackets champion? What will the final score be? What Dartmouth lad would like to offer pistols? What does Big Brother think? And what will dear Daddy say?

I handed it back. I liked Jack a lot. But he wasn't the family—yet. I was about to tell him to mind the Briscoe business and leave Polly's business to Polly when I heard my name being paged.

Of course it was a wire from dad.

BE HOME TONIGHT BY MIDNIGHT THESE ARE ORDERS

the message read.

I told Hike a cooked-up yarn about illness.

"I'm flying both ways, Hike," I said to him. "I'll be back for tomorow's play."

"Give him my best," Hike laughed. It was a good-humored laugh, no rancor. "And . . . uh . . . remember me, if you think of it, to Polly," he said as I left.

Dad began by saying: "Look here, Bill. This family has performed for the public since the days of the blunt-headed rackets and voluminous skirts in the breeze. But always, I think, with dignity. Have you seen that twaddle in the press?"

I said: "Yes, sir—and the whole thing is hooey—a phony. Hike's not

She lay on the bed. "Listen, you brat," I said. "You're kicking your brother's chance at a championship overboard."

a ladies' man. Polly's not deeply serious. Forget it."

He said: "Bill, I'd like to. But how can I when your sister is in tears?"

"Dad," I said, "listen, please. How about figuring me in? I'm on my way to a title. Let's leave this alone until Brightwood. Until the doubles championships are over. Then, if things are still sticky, I'll talk out loud to Hike."

Finally dad said tersely: "Very well."

I went upstairs and rapped on Polly's door; rapped harder. Finally I walked right in.

There she lay in a heap on her bed.

"Listen, you brat," I said. "You're just about kicking your brother's chance at a championship overboard." I walked toward the bed. "What's the matter with Jack Briscoe? Give him a break, Polly, and you'll be giving me one too. You've got us all in the papers, you mug, and the wrong kind of papers, at that. Look what you're doing to dad. You've got a whole year of college ahead. Come back to the debutante league. This thing about Hike is the bunk—and you know it, Polly."

Her eyes were grown-up and sad. Her sweet little face was pathetic as she looked up at me from the pillow.

"I just love him, Bill; that's all. Tell me, Bill: who is that . . . that Hollywood person?"

"Sis, there isn't any, so help me. It's a phony."

"I don't care," said Polly a little wildly. "I don't care if there is or not. I love him just the same!"

At Seabright in the finals I was awful. Jack and Miles Dean took us in three straight sets. Never a word of reproach from Hike. He took it in stride. We spent the week-end loafing in the sun at Cape May. We talked not at all of the two things most on our minds: Polly and tennis. Sunday we caught the midnight train for Boston.

We kept ahead of the pack in the race for the finals bracket in the National Doubles. By Wednesday we were back in our usual form. Thursday we crashed on through. Friday they posted Briscoe and Miles in the opposite half of the match. Which made it a box-office natural. The last seat for Saturday's play had gone by Friday.

THE night before the finals at Brightwood was always an open-house night at our place. I'd have to go out. It would be discourteous to dad not to. And it had me in a spot, because Hike would hardly be welcome.

I was sitting with him in our rooms at the Lenox, before dinner, when the telephone rang. Hike answered.

It was Polly. I could tell by the way Hike's face lighted up, and I could hear her voice:

"Please, Hike, come out here tonight. Do! My friends will be here. I want them to meet you."

"You'd better ask your dad about that." Hike chuckled.

"I don't need to," said Polly. "You come. Unless you don't *want* to come."

"I'll run out." I heard Hike cradle the receiver.

"Bill," said Hike, "could you . . . er . . . let me use a hundred? For a while?"

There it was. I'd been told he'd put the bee on me before the season was over. I'd also told them back that they were crazy about that.

I said, "Sure!" and went to the desk and wrote him a check.

He lingered there by me, drying it.

"Look, Bill," he said slowly. "You're one of them. You belong. Tell me: What's wrong with me? What have they got that they're afraid I'll get?"

"There's nothing wrong with you, Hike," I said, getting up. I knew quite well what he meant. "As for them, all they have is a mess of wet spinach that goes by the name of background."

He said: "Bill, you've never told me how you felt about things."

"Answer this question," I told him, "and then I'll tell you how I feel: What is there between you and this Hollywood girl?"

"Nothing," said Hike. "I found out the lady's name. Or at least the lady the columnist had in mind. It's Carol St. John. I don't even know her."

I knew I could believe him—and I did.

"All right, Hike," I said. "Here's how I feel: If Polly wants you, it isn't my business. Her life is completely her own. But think of one or two things: Her friends will tolerate you but never accept you completely. Dad will see that you get a job with a very good salary, but you'll only be a glorified office boy. And when Polly's twenty-something you'll be nearing forty. That's all."

After a minute he said: "I have a chance to go professional. Before this Hollywood story appeared, it was only going to be a living. Jeff Barnard, the promoter, says that if we tie into the story and build the publicity it will be a lot more. It means I've got to go West and strum an emotional guitar under the lady's window. Then, six nights a week indoors on cork-covered courts. That is, if my legs hold out. And I'm broke," Hike finished. "And I'll be needing to eat when I can't turn in expense sheets any longer."

MOST of the Governing Board were at my house, besides a lot of youngsters and pretty girls. I'll always blame Major Phipps for the trouble that started. He had played a set once at Cannes with the King of Sweden, and had never quite got over it.

He said, sitting near dad, in that sharp sherried voice of his: "With all due respect to young Bill here, I hope he's defeated tomorrow—he and his partner. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see a certain . . . uh . . . influence . . . say farewell to the game under conditions of defeat."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Jack Briscoe, with an air that said, "Do tell us more."

"I have it on good authority," the major went on sagely, "that one of our leading players is about to make an honest man of himself by turning professional."

Polly was on her feet, eyes blazing.

"Why don't you name the man you're talking about?" she demanded. "I will. It's Hike Travers. And he's done more for tennis than all of you put together. While you and your sons were paying ten dollars an hour to learn, Hike was waiting his turn on municipal courts."

"Hey-hey!" I said softly. "Sit down."

"Polly!" said dad, frowning.

If she heard, she paid no attention.

"And while you were saying, 'What ever is going to happen to American tennis?' Hike came along and happened to it. Year after year he's stood off the young hopefuls from here and abroad. You talk of tradition. He's tradition, not you. Furthermore, you ought all of you to be ashamed."

Darned if she wasn't beginning to stir my blood. She, so young and sweet, and facing the whole room down. Then Parker came to the doorway and quietly said: "Mr. Travers, Miss Polly."

I turned. So did Polly. So did every one else.

"Show Mr. Travers in, Parker," said Polly; then, "Hello, Hike! I am awfully glad to see you."

Hike looked like a million. Palm Beach jacket and navy-blue slacks. Bucko shoes. New shirt. New tie. New Hike. I was familiar with his wardrobe. Now I knew where my hundred had gone.

He came to Polly with that long quick stride of his and bowed from his narrow hips.

"Thanks, soldier," he said, taking the hand she offered. "That, to my way of thinking, was pretty swell going."

Polly slipped a hand in his arm.

"Come say hello to father," she said.

They started down the room. I swear Hike winked at me as they passed me by. Dad came through like the Century.

"Glad you came, Hike. Join me in a drink?"

WE were out on the courts at two the next afternoon. Hike had come in after midnight, quietly but profoundly drunk, and he was badly hung over.

How we managed to pull one set out of those first three is more than I know. Luck must have done it. Anyway, the third set went to deuce games and I made a couple of kills to the base line in the far corners that helped. Then Hike seemed to step out a little and we snatched the set off the griddle.

The crowd stood up and applauded. We left for the clubhouse to get dry things.

"I suppose," I said, panting on a bench in the locker room, "that you had a good reason for doing what you did last night. But it's a rap for me, Hike. It's tough to have the cup by one handle, and then see everything blow."

"What are you worrying about?" asked Hike, with his eyes on the floor. "You're young. You aren't even through college. You'll hit the top next year, or the year after that, whether you play with me or some one else, or alone."

We got up to go back. Hike just plodded along at my side. We came out from under the grandstand, and there was Polly standing at the rail of a box.

She looked as if she'd walked her floor all night. But her head was up and there was a certain light in her eyes.

She said, softly but fiercely: "Never mind what you told *me* last night. How about the things that I said to *them?* I should think for that, if for nothing else, you'd go out there and justify my faith."

Hike stood there looking up at her. There was something between them, and it was theirs alone. I walked out on the turf. Jack Briscoe and Dean appeared, and then Hike joined me.

IN the ninth game of our fourth set, we were out in front by one. Hike had come down to the net with me time after time, when suddenly he encroached on my territory and lifted a streaking return out of nowhere. I realized then that he was back in the game with both feet.

That was Hike! Hike the old gallery player. The invincible show-off. My heart ballooned as we closed out the set at six games to four.

I walked to the water pitcher and doused the back of my neck. Hike came and stood looking at me.

He said: "Listen, kid. You've got to get down to the net faster. You're slipping."

That was it. That was more like it. I grinned and said, "Sure, Hike. Sure!"

I could see worry in Jack Briscoe's face as we got in position for service. The pace was telling. His saucy bearing was gone, as well as his flashing grins at his partner. I glanced at Dean. He yanked the brim of the cap he wore down over his eyes and stuck out his jaw.

I tightened. I knew the service ball was going up behind me. The high, taut explosion of gut on felt sounded. The ball whispered by my ear and flicked the turf in a corner of the serving stripe. It was an ace; and what an ace!

From then on, a pace already deadly grew even faster. It went way beyond me. I just braced myself and tried to follow the ball and prayed, when it came my way, I'd meet it right and put it back where it belonged. Strangely, I most often did.

Hike was all over the court. He took them anywhere, any time, from impossible positions, and sent them

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back to spots that Jack and Dean had only read about.

He gave them half a set. Gave is the word, although they were fighting with more than I thought they had. Then we went out in front to five-three.

It was Hike's service again. I went down to the net; staggered down, was more like it. I closed one eye and squinted the other, and crouched and waited for Hike to serve. I heard it start, but I didn't see it go by.

"Fifteen-love!" barked the referee. I crossed court.

"Bang!" went the racket behind me, and Jack went chasing a rainbow.

"Thirty-love!" from the referee.

I went back where I started from. A misty veil was dropping between me and things outside. I knew my tennis history. Hike had done this once at Sydney, and again on the center court at Wimbledon. Was he capable of it today? Tucking the last game of a match to bed with four swift whistling aces from the past?

The ball streaked by. Miles Dean went away with a diving, useless reach.

"Forty-love!" said the referee.

A storm of applause broke out. Then things grew quiet and I heard Hike's voice. There he stood, with his hands on his hips, his weight canted on one flanneled leg, his foot tapping hard on the turf.

"Please! Less movement. Less noise in the gallery—please!" His voice was nervous, sharp.

Hike Travers was handing it out, as he'd handed it out for nearly ten years. They loved it. They ate it up.

The referee pontificated: "Less noise in the gallery, please."

"Hey, Bill," Jack muttered across the net. "Get over where you belong."

"Huh?" I said, pretty vaguely.

"Stay where you are, kid," said Hike. He toed the base line and grinned at me. "Baby, it's all sewed up."

I DIDN'T even face the net. I kept looking at Hike. I saw the ball go up and his shoulder go down. Then, like a strip of steel held taut and suddenly released, his body went up and straightened. The strings flashed in the sun, and there was a resonant high-pitched *wha-a-a-ap!* I didn't even see the ball. I didn't see any one go for it. I just saw the stands rise in a mass and heard a fury of sound break out.

I remember vaguely getting to the locker room. I sat there in a panting daze for a while, and then Hike was shaking my shoulder and saying: "Kid, I'm saying good-by. I've a taxi waiting. I'm catching the eight-o'clock plane to New York."

I staggered up.

"But, Hike," I said. "Wait . . . listen . . ."

"I'll be there to cheer you next year," said Hike, "when you're a finalist at Forest Hills. Me, I'm turning pro. Meeting Jeff Barnard tonight. Good-by, Bill."

He went toward the door.

"Aren't you going to say good-by to Polly?" I said.

Hike turned. There was something in his eyes. I don't know what it was. Gallantry? Sadness? Bitter defeat?

"Thanks, Bill," he said slowly, "for putting me right about things. Polly's a pretty grand lady. I said good-by to her last night."

STANLEY PAUL

says he writes because he likes it, and lives near Boston for the same reason. He began his writing career in 1930 after seven years in business, and sold fourteen stories to magazines in the first year. He is a graduate of Phillips Exeter, is married, and has three children.

POLLY was away visiting —by design, I guess— after that. I didn't see her until October at the Intercollegiate Ball. That was the night before the Harvard-Dartmouth game, at the Copley-Plaza in Boston. I saw her dancing with Jack Briscoe. I walked right over and cut in.

"Do you hear from Hike?" she asked at once. So quickly it was almost startling. I thought it must be a delicate thing you approached in a cautious way.

I told her I'd had a letter from him a few weeks back. I didn't mention the hundred that was in it. I said: "Hike's having a pretty good tour. He's pulling them in like fish."

"I know it. I'm glad," said Polly. She sounded proud as well.

"You know," she said after we'd danced along, "Hike Travers really loves me. Now, don't say anything. Yes, he does, Bill. He was funny, you know, really—trying to say good-by."

I remembered Hike's face in the locker-house door.

"Did you get a good laugh?" I asked, shocked.

"Yes. You know, he's playing here next month with his troupe at the Boston Garden. That, of course, is where we'll begin again from where Hike thought we left off."

I said: "There's Carol St. John, you know."

"That's business," said Polly, undisturbed.

I tried again. I said: "Well, there's Jack."

Polly laughed. She said: "Look over there."

I looked where her clear eyes led me. There danced Jack with a girl. A sun-tanned smoothie with jet-black hair. They were pitching a circumspect woo.

"That," said Polly, infinitely wise, "is young love, collegiate style. They can have it. Me? I'll take Hike."

I looked intently at this sister of mine.

"Polly," I said, "you're a persistent little cuss. This time, I guess you will."

THE END

THE KITTY

BY EDWIN CORLE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HE was always called "the Dutchman." His slow thinking, his curved pipe with a square bowl, and his habit of saying "*ja*" before answering questions, made him the butt of Irish jokes. He belonged in a land of windmills and dykes; not in a town surrounded on three sides by a sagebrush desert and on the north by stark grim mountains where Cornish miners and Irish adventurers scrambled for silver ore.

Bulldog, Nevada, in 1888, took pride in being tough; and Flannigan, who ran the Bullpup saloon, advised the Dutchman to move on to California and get himself a little farm.

Nobody in Bulldog knew his name because he never filed a claim of any kind. He rode about prospecting in a wagon behind a team of mules, with which it was impossible to penetrate the rugged canyons and arroyos of the mountain range.

In Bulldog, money was made rapidly or not at all, and spent likewise. Anybody might "strike it rich," and everybody but the Dutchman had a claim of some sort. Even Frank the Maltese and his—well, most people called her his wife—even Frank and Rosy, who entertained with piano and song in the Bullpup saloon, had staked a claim.

The money that went over the bar belonged to Flannigan, but the "kitty" was the property of Frank and Rosy. It was a large funnel. Coins thrown in clattered down into a box. It was their only source of revenue. Frank insisted that they would take a lot more silver out of the kitty than they ever would out of their claim in the mountains.

In a Saturday-night carousal Rosy did an Irish jig with O'Toole. The uproarious success of this act called for drinks all around, and Rosy, breathless at the bar, chanced to stand next to the Dutchman.

"Dot was pooty good," he said, smiling. "If you put on Dutch clothes you look chust like a Dutch girl."

"Beer for the lady," called Flannigan, sending a schooner skimming along the bar to her.

"In Holland," said the Dutchman, "you would maybe taste a little schnapps."

"What's schnapps?" Rosy demanded.

"In America they call it Holland gin. Flannigan don't got it here. The nearest iss in San Francisco."

"Well, that's too far to go for a drink," said Rosy.

"*Ja.*"

He smiled at her. "Maybe I go on to California," he said slowly.

"Me too," she said.

He nodded, and she gave him a dig in the ribs and a smile. She finished her beer and moved to the piano, calling, "Let's work, Frank!"

When the song ended, the Dutchman went to the kitty and tossed three silver dollars in. It was the first time he had ever been known to make a contribution. Frank grinned. He had just thought of a smart trick.

All Bulldog soon understood that the poor dumb Dutchman had fallen for Rosy. Frank only grinned. Jealous? Of a Dutchman? Rosy was only kidding him.

But there came a day when Rosy appeared with bruises on her throat and a discolored eye. Frank had gotten drunk the night before, she explained to the solicitous Dutchman, and had beaten her up. He had been jealous of her attentions to what he called a "Dutch cheese." She admitted that the like had happened before. She would leave Frank if only she could find a man who had a little money and would be kind to her.

The Dutchman listened with interest. They were riding on his wagon at the edge of the desert. He took Rosy's hand and held it.

"Will dot Frank get drunk again tonight?"

"He'll stay drunk for three days."

"Would you like to live on a farm in California?"

"It takes money to buy a farm," said Rosy wistfully.

"I got plenty of money. I prove it to you. You keep dot Frank drunk. Tonight I come to the Bullpup and I act drunk too. I fill the kitty with silver dollars. You see? Then after Bullpup close and Frank sleep we take the money and my team and we leave."

"What if Frank follows us?"

"Then I take care of Frank with a rifle."

"I'll do it," she said, choking.

Frank was so drunk he fell over the piano. There was no odor of whisky on his breath, and Flannigan was puzzled. But at ten o'clock he was even more puzzled, for the Dutchman arrived roaring drunk with bags of silver. He howled and sang and cursed, and every time Rosy performed he poured silver dollars into the kitty, until they overflowed on to the floor. At one o'clock in the morning he went reeling out of the Bullpup. At the door he whispered to Rosy, "Keep Frank drunk. I bring the team." She nodded.

At two Flannigan closed the saloon. There were guarded voices at the rear of it, and a horse whinnied. He opened the back door.

Frank and Rosy were loading saddlebags on two horses and from within the bags came the clink of silver dollars. Frank helped Rosy mount. "G'-by, Flannigan," she said. "Tell Santa Claus we're leavin' for Amsterdam."

"Goin' to open a kitty bank there," said Frank.

"Wait a minute. You can't do this!" said Flannigan. But Rosy's laugh faded away in the night.

The Dutchman's house was at the edge of town. When Flannigan approached it, he visualized the Dutchman flying in a drunken stupor. Nevertheless he tapped on the door. Almost instantly the Dutchman opened it. "Iss it you, Flannigan? Haf they rode off? *Ja?*"

"With your money, Dutchy!"

"*Ja*—good! Frank and Rosy leave town and never come back. Today I file claim on his property. Ore from his property assay so high that I think maybe fifty thousand dollars his claim will be worth to me. Come in, Flannigan, and it gifs a drink of something you ain't got in your saloon—good Holland gin."

THE END

▲

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▲

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TUNE IN!

WHY I AM *Still*

Does Gaston Means really know some of the secrets of this famous crime? Here is strange, mystifying evidence

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

At dawn of Thursday, March 17, 1932, Means phoned Mrs. McLean that he was afraid the ransom deal was off. Later, in his house at Chevy Chase, he opened a sealed package, showed her money inside it, and assured her that this was her $100,000 intact. He said that in the night, on the road to Far View, he had noticed a car being stopped ahead of the one he was riding in, and had flashed back a warning to the car that was bringing the Lindbergh baby. The kidnapers had thereupon returned to their hide-out, and had refused further to consider making any delivery that would involve overland travel. Means suggested that Mrs. McLean go to Aiken, South Carolina, since the baby could be taken there by water.

At this time she learned that her late mother and a friend had formerly experienced, at Far View, weird nocturnal disturbances like those which had so recently alarmed herself. The two women had found out that, many years before, a wife-beater had murdered his victim in a house on the site where Far View now stands.

On March 17 Means said the gang would attempt to deliver the baby at Aiken. He wanted $4,000 "for expense money"; Mrs. McLean gave it to him. On March 19 she and Miss Nelson took a cottage at Aiken, and on March 22 Means came there with a man who he said was one of the actual kidnapers, and whom he introduced as "Number Nineteen." This man told Mrs. McLean that within forty-

Investigating THE LINDBERGH CASE

BY EVALYN WALSH McLEAN

WITH ALAN HYND

eight hours the baby would be delivered to her, in the dark, on a side street where the gang would have four cars with machine guns.

Later in the day Means casually wrote something on a piece of paper and asked her to sign it. She did so. Being exhausted and agitated and, at the moment, without her glasses, she had failed to make sure what it was.

PART FIVE—"HOAXES" . . . THAT TALLIED!

MEANS now revealed to me for the first time some of the details of the kidnaping. He said the baby had been spirited by automobile from the Lindbergh home to the Delaware River, just a few miles distant, thence by boat down to Delaware Bay, and on to a craft at anchor at sea off Norfolk, Virginia. There was a woman among the gang that had the child, Means said—a woman who at one time had been a nurse.

"The boat that the baby is on, out at sea," he continued, "is a safe enough spot, so far as the gang is concerned. A fast launch keeps the kidnapers informed as to what is going on on land. But one of the big drawbacks is getting that child through the rumrunning boats that operate in the vicinity of Norfolk. You know, those rumrunners are a bad lot, and they'd hijack the baby in a minute."

As a precaution, he said, the baby had been disguised to look like a colored child. Its hair had been dyed black and been kinked, and its body dyed brown.

"But what about its eyes?" I inquired. "Blue eyes in a colored child would attract attention."

Means smiled. "The child's eyes are no longer blue. They're brown."

"Heavens, Means, what have they done to that baby?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN HUGHES

He stuck out a reassuring palm. "Simple," he said. "Very simple. They have merely put a harmless dye in its eyes, to change them temporarily from blue to brown."

It is interesting to note at this point that Means told me this story of the baby being on a boat outside of Norfolk on Tuesday, March 22, at which time John Hughes Curtis, the Norfolk boatbuilder, was in close contact with Colonel Lindbergh with a story strikingly similar to that of Means—but *not a single word about Curtis had leaked out to the newspapers.* As a matter of fact, the Curtis story did not "break" in the papers until three days later—Friday, March 25.

John Hughes Curtis, you will probably recall, was later convicted in New Jersey—in the very courtroom where Bruno Hauptmann was later convicted as a lone wolf—of having been in contact with the actual kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby, and of thereby obstructing justice. Many people today recall the Curtis episode as a hoax, believing that Curtis was never in contact with any one claiming to have the baby, and that he entered the case solely for the purpose of selling a newspaper a fictitious story. The allegation remains, however—in official black and white—that Curtis was in touch with a gang who claimed to have the baby at sea off Norfolk. It is this latter story that I believe.

Is it possible that both Curtis and Means were really in touch with such a gang?

Whatever your thoughts in the matter, this thought remains with me: The fact that Means was telling me virtually the same story that Curtis was telling Lindbergh was typical of Means. Somehow or other, Means certainly seemed to know what was going on behind the scenes at Hopewell.

Eccentric old John F. Condon—the famous Jafsie of the ransom negotiations—had by this time entered the picture in Hopewell, although nothing was to leak out about him for some time. While Means did not at this time mention Jafsie by name, he did say that Lindbergh had appointed another negotiator, which was making the gang Means was dealing with uneasy, and that what would probably happen was that Lindbergh's negotiator would wind up by passing fifty thousand dollars over to some one in the dark, and getting in return some false instructions that would send everybody off on a wild-goose chase. Which is precisely what was to happen some time later! Means, you will recall, also knew—well in advance of the newspapers—all about the false description of the sleeping suit as given out by the State Police. And now he told me this Norfolk story three days ahead of the press. I simply couldn't ignore this business of Means calling the shots in advance when I later found his assertions to be true and obviously based on inside knowledge.

All of which is part of my reason for thinking Gaston Bullock Means did have some guilty knowledge of the Lindbergh kidnaping.

He left for his hotel, telling me to sit tight and not get far away from the telephone. And again a terrible period of suspense set in. Then Wednesday night, about nine, the phone rang. It wasn't Means. It was Number Nineteen.

"I'm calling from Orange, New Jersey," he said. "Tell Hogan to come up here right away. I don't want to call him at his hotel."

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He filled the pen with white powder. "I hope you don't have to use this," he said.

"Things have jammed. Tell him I'll meet him in Orange as soon as he can get here. He'll know where."

When Means came over, quite excited, in response to my phone call, he exclaimed:

"What in heaven's name has gone wrong now!"

"I don't know," I said. "You're supposed to be running this thing, Means."

"I'd better get right up to Orange. I'll call you when I get there and find out what the situation is."

The next night—Thursday—my next word came through. It was Means. He said he was calling from New Jersey, and I didn't want to begin tracing calls and perhaps make somebody suspicious. He got over the idea, in guarded language, that new and disturbing elements would necessitate a further delay. "You'll hear from somebody within the next couple of days. You and Number Fifteen stick right by the phone."

Miss Nelson and I virtually lived at that phone. I am frank to confess that I was not a little discouraged, not to mention being about broken in health and spirit. Of course there was a reassuring side. I had been reading every newspaper I could lay hands on, and the one fact that stuck out above all others was that the investigators were completely at sea, following one false lead after another, and that apparently they weren't making out any better than I was. And at least the newspapers hadn't carried a single line about me or Means or any one associated with us, which was something. So I decided to hang on.

LOOKING back, I am amused at the charge that I sought publicity. Here I was, in my third week of this torment, and not even the Washington Post or the Cincinnati Enquirer, two papers which our family owned, knew so much as my whereabouts. Had I wanted any amount of publicity, all I would have had to do would be to send for a representative of either of the papers, and every word of what was to be printed would have been submitted to me for my approval.

The next two days were daylight nightmares. Miss Nelson and I stayed near the phone, but it never rang. Where was Hogan and where was Number Nineteen?

Then, on the Sunday, March 27, some one new entered the picture by way of the telephone. "Is this Number Eleven?" asked a voice—the voice of a woman.

"Yes," I said.

"I am calling for Mr. Hogan. I am the nurse. Mr. Hogan wants me to tell you that he has been delayed, but that he will be there tomorrow. He also wishes me to tell you that the book reads very well."

And then the woman hung up. Her statement about the book of course meant that the baby was well.

The next day Means arrived. He had been drinking heavily, and he was the picture of discouragement. "Number Eleven," he said, "things are in an awful mess up in New Jersey. Lindbergh is laying himself wide open to be taken for fifty thousand dollars through that other negotiator he has appointed, and the members of the gang I am in contact with are quarreling among themselves. Some of them want to grab Lindbergh's fifty thousand, figuring it might be safer than delivering the baby down here; others want to hand the baby over here; and others are in favor of collecting on both ends."

The man who has been aptly called Public Scoundrel Number One by the magazine True Detective Mysteries, which certainly should be in a position to judge, mopped his damp forehead and took on an attitude of grave deliberation. I was good and mad.

"Listen, Means," I said. "I'm getting worn out by all this damned shilly-shallying. You tell the crowd of fiends you're dealing with to get that baby to me, collect their hundred thousand, and call it quits. I am decidedly not sold on all this delay. I think it's unnecessary. And that poor girl up in Hopewell must be just about out of her mind. It'll be four weeks tomorrow night since that little fellow was taken, and it's just three weeks tonight since you got that hundred thousand. Now, something's wrong somewhere, and if you're sincere in what you say about wanting to do something worth while for the sake of that boy of yours, you'll get some action in this thing."

Instead of being put on the defensive because of my open suspicion, Means attempted to put me there.

"Eleven," he said, completely ignoring my anger, "Number Nineteen asked—"

"And let's cut out a few numbers, Means," I interrupted. "I'm getting confused. Let's just call that blackguard who was here with you the Fox. That's the name of one of my lawyers, and it's easier for me to remember. And besides, the title is very fitting."

Means smiled and his dimples showed. "Very well," he said. "The Fox said to me up in New Jersey, 'Hogan, do those two women live in that cottage alone?' Meaning you and Number Fifteen, of course. I said you did, during the negotiations at least, and do you know what he said? He said, 'Hogan, why couldn't we lift Number Eleven?' Meaning you. 'She'd be good for quite a pile of ransom herself.' And do you know what I told the Fox? I said, 'Nineteen, you better lay off that little woman. She's Irish, a good fighter and a crack shot. You might as well grab a wildcat's tail as to try to lift her. You'd regret it to your dying day.' Yes, Eleven, that's just what I told the Fox."

He began to chuckle. It was a big joke to him.

"Means," I said, "your story is intended to both frighten me and flatter me. Well, it's doing neither. Now, the best thing you can do is to stop drinking so hard, get straightened out, and try to get that baby back. This isn't an endurance contest; it's a matter of life and death—and perhaps for more than one person."

The next day Means came back. Delivering the child to Aiken, he said, was very doubtful. Overland travel from Norfolk would still be necessary, and there had been several recent incidents of automobiles being stopped and searched in the South.

Two days passed, and then on Wednesday he said that the proposal to deliver the baby in Aiken was definitely off, and that the baby was being taken by water and land routes to a point near Juares, Mexico. "The gang will feel safer out of the country," he explained, and I'll admit I saw the point, "because they tell me that if they were ever caught with that baby in any part of the United States they'd be torn limb from limb."

"Well, Means," I said, "what am I supposed to do now?"

"I am going to El Paso, which is just across the river from Juares, and you'll have to come too."

"Nothing doing!" I said. "I don't go near El Paso. It's too close to Mexico, and if there's one place I don't want to go near, it's Mexico."

"Why not?" asked Means.

"It's none of your damned business!" was my reply.

AND it wasn't, for it had nothing to do with getting the Lindbergh baby back. At that time I was separated from my husband, and he was trying to obtain a divorce from me in some foreign country. It didn't matter to him just where.

Now, if anybody was going to get a divorce, it was I, not my husband. For he wanted our three lovely children, and I was going to fight for them to the end.

I had been in El Paso several years previously with President-elect and Mrs. Warren Harding, and I had then become acquainted with some of the things that went on just across the international bridge in Juares. If I went to El Paso, how was I to know that Means wouldn't somehow succeed in doping me (he had done the same thing many times in the past) and get me across the bridge, where I would have been subject to some sort of frame-up that Means might later have used to his financial advantage in the divorce proceedings? And, much as I wanted to get that Lindbergh baby back, I simply could not have gone on living if I had lost my three children in doing it.

You see, the farther I got into this thing, the more angles there were to it. You must always realize what an eighteen-carat blackguard Gaston Bullock Means was. In his entire infamous past he had never once missed an opportunity to feather his own nest, no matter whom he had to double-cross. In his whole evil wake there was nothing but a trail of ruined reputations, heartbreak—and death. And so I had this to consider: Was Gaston Means killing two birds with one stone? Was all this Lindbergh business a hoax to get my hundred thousand

dollars, and at the same time was he trying to get me into Mexico and frame me into grounds for a divorce action?"

Then, too, at this particular time I was involved in other litigations (as people usually are when they have money) and important matters were coming up, often quite unexpectedly, which I had to discuss with my lawyers.

Also, because of my hideous experience with my first child, I had always been constantly with my other children, especially little Evalyn. Add to all that the fact that the Means business, coming as it did right on top of my mother's death, was each day driving me nearer to a complete physical breakdown, and you'll have some idea of the predicament of "the idle, meddlesome society woman" who was out to grab a load of publicity for herself. (You see, my presence in Aiken was reasonable, as one of my sons was in school there, and my lawyers knew I was there).

When Means saw how firm my attitude was in not wanting to go to El Paso, he was not exactly stumped.

"All right, Eleven," he said. "How about Miss Nelson, here, going and looking out for your interests?"

I could see by the expression on Miss Nelson's face that the suggestion appealed to her.

NOW, you must remember that Miss Nelson was levelheaded and quite capable of taking care of herself, and also that there would have been nothing in it for Means had he attempted to kidnap her or harm her in any way. So, inasmuch as she was as anxious to get the baby back as I was, and perfectly willing to go to El Paso, I consented to her going. Then I added:

"And I'll gladly come too, if first I am assured by long-distance telephone that the baby is there and that there won't be any prolonged delay."

Means corrected me. "The book, Eleven," he said. "The book—not what you called it."

That was Means all over. When you dealt with Means, he always thought up so many things to keep you either occupied or downright confused that you never really had an opportunity to sit down with a clear head and analyze exactly what had happened or what was happening.

And so Means and Miss Nelson left for El Paso on Thursday, March 31.

All three of my children were at my regular home in Aiken for the Easter holidays and I was having a really happy family life with them. Early on the Monday morning the phone rang; El Paso was calling me. Then I heard that oily voice of Gaston Means saying cheerfully, "This is Hogan, Eleven. How are you?"

I don't think I ever hated any one as much as I hated Means just then!

"How is the book would be more to the point," I answered. "What is the news?"

"Now, Eleven, everything is coming along just dandy," said the scoun-

"LEARN TO SAY FLEISCHMANN'S"

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drel. I was just about to tell him to get off the line and to put Miss Nelson on when he said, "Hold on, please, Eleven. Here's Fifteen."

Miss Nelson said, "Hello, Eleven. Can you come right down? The book is here."

My heart beat a little faster. "Have you read the book?" I asked, meaning had she seen the baby.

"No," she said; "but I can assure you it is here."

I told her she should call me again later in the day, by which time I would probably have reached a decision as to whether I would go to El Paso.

My children were asleep as I sat debating what to do. My intelligence told me that I should not go to El Paso, with the dangers that lurked right across the international bridge, and my heart told me that I should go. Then I fell to thinking again how fortunate I was compared to poor Anne Lindbergh, and decided that I would have to take my chances so long as there was one chance in a million of getting her baby back to her. So, when Miss Nelson called again and assured me that while she had not yet "read the book" everything looked very promising, I found myself saying, "Very well, Fifteen; I'll leave as soon as I possibly can."

SO I was going to El Paso. All right. But there was a little matter that I would attend to before I left. I sent out for the largest fountain pen obtainable. Then I telephoned to a good friend of mine, a prominent physician, and asked him to come over.

I made of him a certain request. He was utterly stunned. "Mrs. McLean," he said, "I can hardly believe my ears—your asking me to do this. You will certainly have to tell me more about what is behind it before I will even consider it."

And so I unfolded to the doctor the entire story of my dealings with Gaston Means—every last detail. And then I asked him what he thought of my undertaking.

"Well," he said, "it's a long shot, but it's worth it! I'm a father myself, as you know, and if anything such as happened to the Lindbergh baby should happen to one of my children, I'd pray to God that somebody would try as hard as you are trying to get my child back." His brow creased and he was silent for a while. Then he said: "Mrs. McLean, I am going to grant your request, despite the fact that I have never done anything like this in all my life." With that, he left, saying he would return in half an hour.

He was as good as his word. He returned with a little package. "Where's the pen?" he said. I gave him the fountain pen I had just purchased. He took out the rubber ink container and filled the inside of the pen with fine white powder, then put the pen together.

"I hope you don't have to use this," he said. "But I am convinced that with a man of Gaston Means' type you are quite likely to find yourself in a position where it will be either he or yourself, and if that situation arises, it might as well be—he."

I asked the doctor just how I should put the powder to use if the occasion demanded.

"Just take a little of it," came the grim professional advice, "and drop it in coffee, whisky, or plain water. Action will be instantaneous."

With my maid Inga I set out by automobile for Atlanta, caught a train there for New Orleans, and there boarded a limited for Texas. So fearful was I of being framed that I had the conductor and the porter and the dining-room steward sign statements to the effect that I was traveling only with my maid.

We arrived in El Paso at half past four on the afternoon of Thursday, April 7—five weeks and two days after the Lindbergh crime. Means was at the station, squinting and smiling and very oily, and Miss Nelson was there too. The four of us got into a cab and drove to the Paso del Norte Hotel.

"Well, Eleven," said Means, "the book's down here, all right. Say, how about us all going over to Juares tonight and seeing a little night life?"

That's when I climbed all over Gaston Means. Sufficient to say here that I impressed upon him in no uncertain terms that I was down here on serious business.

We all went to my sitting room in the hotel, where I was registered as Mrs. Lane of New York City. Means started in with the mysterious business right away. "Is it all right for Thirty-seven to hear what we say?" he asked.

"I assume you mean Inga here," I said. "Yes, it's quite all right, and it occurs to me that it's rather late in the day for you to be handing her a number. But what have you to report? What about the baby?"

He said the child was right across the border in Mexico. But more complications had arisen between the time I left Aiken and landed in El Paso. It had developed that eccentric old Jafsie, the Lindbergh intermediary, had tossed fifty thousand dollars over a cemetery wall in the Bronx a week previously, and had received in return just a note that had sent Colonel Lindbergh and government detectives off on a wild flight over Cape Cod.

"Jafsie doesn't stand any more chance of getting that baby back than the man in the moon," said Means, and then that big frame of his began to rock with laughter. I asked him what was so funny. Tears of mirth were rolling down his fat cheeks.

"Why," he said, "one of the gang I'm dealing with got the dough. Remember, I told you early last week—before that money was turned over by old Jafsie—that some members of the gang I'm dealing with were all for grabbing it?" Means was speaking the truth there; he certainly had told me just that before the papers had had a line about Jafsie. "Well, one of the gang met Jafsie in St. Raymond's Cemetery and got the dough. And that's what's so funny. Old Jafsie thinks he's a hot shot, and all the time the baby's down here in Mexico. That's what he gets for meddling in something that's none of his business."

He said the gang were continuing to quarrel among themselves over the division of the spoils, and that until they could agree the baby would not be turned over. Additional criminals had had to be taken into the gang following the stay on the boat outside of Norfolk, because some rumrunners had gotten wise to what was going on and had been taken into the gang's confidence and promised a cut of the swag if they would keep their mouths shut.

"The thing's getting bigger and bigger all the time," was the way Means summarized that phase of it. "Like a snowball rolling downhill."

I LOOKED at Miss Nelson. I had always had the utmost respect for her judgment and ability to see through untruths. What was she doing now? She was just sitting there, drinking in every word that Means said as if it were gospel truth. I shuddered inwardly as I contemplated my good friend of many years. Had she come under the Means spell? And make no mistake about it; that man had such a hypnotic personality and had such a knack of appearing to be the last word in sincerity at a moment when he was lying his black soul out that the result was just too bad for any one who didn't keep repeating to themselves, as I did, that Gaston Means was a fiend in human form who wasn't to be believed on a mountain of Bibles.

All right. At all events, whatever he might do—even if he was going to show his most vicious side at this stage of the game, and even if I was next on his hellish program—I was ready for him.

I had that fountain pen, filled with that powder that the doctor had given me. And if I were driven to it, I was going to use that powder on Means and everybody he was associated with. And that would be bad business, because that powder wasn't, as you might have supposed, a drug of some sort that would just have put somebody out temporarily.

It was one of the deadliest poisons known to man—cyanide of potassium—and I had enough in that fountain pen to kill twenty people instantly.

An astounding and highly original deadly weapon for self-defense! Was Mrs. McLean to make use of it? Was she literally to come to blows with any member of the supposed gang of kidnapers? For her frank, detailed answer—an answer even more amazing than this pen full of cyanide itself is—look in Liberty next week!

I WAS NO POP-OFF— THEY MADE ME ONE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A baseball bombshell! A sadder, wiser star concludes his eye-opening story

BY DIZZY DEAN

I ALWAYS feel a little sorry for a man who builds a Frankenstein's monster and then has it take a bite out of his own leg. But, somehow or other, I've never managed to feel sorry about old Docs Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey since they made a Frankenstein's monster out of me. Perhaps it was because I didn't get as big a bite out of the Breadon-Rickey moneybags as the monster got out of Frankenstein's workshop and life line.

I had a good year in my first year with the St. Louis club. I'd had a tremendous amount of minor-league publicity, and there were certain people already willing to pay to see me pitch. I don't have to say that I made good. The fact is self-evident to any one who cares to look at the records. I was paid the munificent sum of $3,000 for that season's work. The following year I got a slight raise, but a very slight one, and then came the great year of 1934 and the arrival of my brother, Paul, as an effective pitcher.

We won the National League pennant that year. Paul won nineteen games in his first year in the big leagues. For that feat he got paid $3,000.

I won thirty ball games that year. I won seven out of the last eleven games we played. I won two games in the World Series, pitching the first series game two days after I'd won our final season game. For that record, which is, I believe, the best modern pitching accomplishment, I got $7,000!

Naturally, I had signed a $7,000 contract. Legally I wasn't entitled to any more pay. But the pay-off came after we'd won the World Series from Detroit, when Paul and I were called into the Cardinal offices, back in St. Louis, and greeted with the Breadon smile.

Admitting that the Cardinals had made a lot of money out of the great finish and the World Series victory, Breadon said he had made out a check for each of us as a recognition in a material way of the splendid work we'd done. The checks were for five hundred dollars each!

I looked at my check and started computing. I'd had several run-ins with the management that season, and after I'd deducted the money I'd been fined for winning thirty ball games during that year, I found I would have less than a hundred dollars left of that magnificent bonus.

The following spring was when the Frankenstein monster began to gnaw on Frankenstein's extremities. Before the season had been over the year before, Frankie Frisch had said he had information that the front office was going to jump me to $15,000, and that if I wanted to sign then, he could get that for me.

Fifteen thousand looked like a lot of money, but something told me to wait. I did, and we won the pennant and the World Series and I hung up my thirty-game record. Advisers whose names I won't reveal got hold of me and told me that I was entitled to $25,000 and not a cent less.

Mind you, these were hard-shelled, experienced baseball men. They weren't clubhouse lawyers, or prospective business managers or syndicate operators. They were friends who were in business in St. Louis and one of them owned a small piece of baseball stock.

After the series Frisch suggested again that I sign for $15,000, but I told him I'd rather wait. That winter I went to the Baseball Writers' dinner in New York to be presented with the plaque for being the National League's outstanding player.

After the speechmaking at the dinner that night, Rickey and Breadon rushed me into a private room and talked fast. They said something about $17,500, with a bonus, but they didn't say it very loud. They said that it would be a good idea if I signed right there and that they could release the story to the baseball writers all at once and that it would make a swell story for the following day. I told them I'd rather wait and read over their contract.

I went home to Bradenton, and in February a contract came calling for $15,000. Naturally I sent it back.

A little while later Branch Rickey arrived in Bradenton and offered me $17,500. I told him that I wanted $25,000.

In subsequent palavers, Breadon and Rickey went to $18,500 and $20,000, with the inevitable "and not one dime more," and I shook my head again.

Finally, with a heartfelt sob that almost had me bawling, they went to $22,500, and I, tired of haggling, accepted and signed.

During those negotiations word had been sent out of the front office that there never had been more than a thousand dollars difference in my demands and what they had offered, but that I had been unreasonable, badly advised, and stubborn, and had kept changing my demands. That wasn't true. I'd said $25,000 when negotiations began and I stuck with it.

Now I want to clear up the matter of the sore arm I had last year and early this year. It goes back to the All-Star game of last year. When I was selected to pitch in that game, I'd won ten games and was going along all right and so were the Cardinals. I discovered after I'd been selected to pitch that I had said I wouldn't pitch in the All-Star game unless I got something out of it. Naturally, that being good publicity for the game and the Cardinals, I had to stand for it and I did.

But enough of that. Right here I want to admit that I was a wise guy once on my own hook and that I got my comeuppance for it. It happened in that game. I was pitching the last inning the rules of the All-Star game permitted me to pitch (it's three). Lou Gehrig was up,

there were two out, and I had a count of three and two on him. Gabby Hartnett was catching me and he called for a curve ball. I had an idea that I wanted to put Gehrig back in his trunk and show the American League what a real fast ball looked like in a pinch, so I shook Hartnett off. I was a real wise guy that day.

Hartnett called for the curve again, and again I shook him off. Once more he called for it and once more I shook my head.

Hartnett gave up then and gave me the other signal. I reared back and fogged my high, hard one in there as I'd never fogged it in before. What happened? Gehrig, who knew as well what was coming as if I'd sent him a note on the matter, hit it over the fence for a home run.

The next hitter was Averill. He hit a line drive back at me and it caught me on the big toe of my left foot and shattered the bone. That was my comeuppance. I lived and learned. I'll never shake a smart catcher off again, even if he asks me to bowl one across the plate.

I went home and went on crutches. Ten days later Breadon called me up and asked me to join the club in Boston. I'd just thrown my crutches away and the toe was sore and tender. He told me I wouldn't have to pitch, but that I might give some morale to the team. I took the train to Boston, and the day I arrived I was in uniform. Before the game started Frisch told me to warm up.

"What for?" I asked, surprised.

"Because you're going to pitch," he said.

He was the boss and I pitched. I managed to win, but when the game was over my arm felt like a chunk of stovewood. We went to Brooklyn and I was told to pitch a game there. I pitched, but every time I threw one I had to make a face, the arm hurt so badly.

We went to Pittsburgh and he put me in again. We won that game, 9-8, if I recall the score correctly, although how I ever got the ball up to the plate is beyond me. We went home to St. Louis, and Dr. Hyland, the club physician, took one look at my arm and told me I couldn't pitch again until he gave the word. I went to the park the next day and found out that a pitching battle between Van Mungo of Brooklyn and Dizzy Dean was the program. It had been advertised everywhere and there was sure to be a mob on hand.

I told Frisch that I couldn't possibly work, but he pointed out that there'd be a big crowd and that we couldn't afford to disappoint them. He asked me to pitch just an inning or two and then he'd take me out.

I started pitching and we got a 2-to-1 lead, and I was suffering the tortures of the damned with every pitch. Finally, after five innings, I told Frisch I couldn't throw another ball, that my arm was gone and that I might permanently injure it if I went on pitching.

Pepper Martin and Durocher and a few others got into the argument and Martin particularly told Frisch that I'd ruin my arm if I pitched any more.

Frisch said I'd have to pitch if my arm dropped off, so I went back and finished that game. After the game I had a fever and my arm was swollen and hot as a poker. That was the end of my pitching for 1937. The club's alibi for pitching me when I was in such pain that I couldn't keep from grimacing every time I threw, was that I'd been playing for the sob stories and that I wasn't in pain at all. Well, once a pop-off, always a pop-off, I suppose. Everything I did was for the newspapers.

When I went to the training camp last spring, I felt fine. My arm was not sore, I'd had a good rest, and I was ready to win thirty games after I'd had a good training season. Then I caught a cold and a mild sinus I have began to bother me. I ran into a fever on the morning of the day I was to pitch against the Yankees in a big preseason feature. The game had been advertised all over Florida and I was told that I'd have to pitch, since it wouldn't do to disappoint the crowds. I went in to pitch with a fever of over a hundred. I won the ball game, but I had to hurry back to the hotel and go to bed.

After we got back to St. Louis, I began to hear all sorts of rumors. One was that I had been warned that if I ever popped off again, I would be in serious trouble. I hadn't been in the news much and I hadn't had any contract squabble—I'd taken a $10,000 cut because I figured my record of the year before had warranted a cut—and so the story went out that I had been gagged.

That, of course, was absurd. Part of my job with the St. Louis club was to keep talking, to keep showing off, and to keep myself in the news columns.

There was another rumor, far more significant. It was to the effect that I was to be sold or traded. At first I paid little or no attention to the rumor.

Then came the announcement that I had been bought by the Chicago Cubs for $185,000 and three players for whom the Cubs had paid upward of $75,000, or a total of $260,000, the highest price ever paid for a ballplayer's contract. I didn't know what to think when I heard it. I didn't know whether I was glad or sad. The Cardinals had become a pretty big part of my life. It didn't seem as if there could ever be another ball club like them, for all the picayune policies of the front office.

But I hadn't been in Chicago an hour when I found out definitely how I felt about the transfer. I was called into the office of President Wrigley and handed a new contract. It called for $20,000 for the year.

That wasn't all. I was told that I need no longer consider myself obligated to be the league clown, start fights, belittle my fellow players, beard the league president, and plague umpires.

"You're a pitcher for us," Wrigley said. "Just go out and win ball games. We'll worry about the box office."

I HOPE this story hasn't given off a crybaby aura. I wouldn't want it to. Naturally, I was pretty much of a grown man when I accepted the assignment to be a lunkhead for the sake of the box office. I had a job to do, and if that was part of it, I couldn't afford not to do it. As I have said before, I undoubtedly have benefited by it financially. That I have lost friends or failed to make friends by it, I have no doubt, and that is the thing I regret most. I now have that security I so sincerely wished for. And for this I am grateful to baseball. I am also grateful to the players of the old Cardinals who helped me to win ball games and stood behind me with capers of their own and their moral and physical support when things got too heavy for that Dizzy guy.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—His father was born in Mannheim, Germany, and was Ambassador to Turkey; but this week's early photo is of his illustrious son who takes care of those dollars before Congress and the Chief Executive spend them. Who?

2—Which international association of clubs has "We Build" for a motto?

3—At the outset, Greek temples were built of what material?

4—Who invented the first successful submarine boat?

5—The three U. S. mints are in which cities?

6—Which place in Scotland is known as the Granite City?

7—The aubergine or guinea squash is better known by what name?

8—Can an inventor obtain a patent on a perpetual-motion machine from the U. S. Patent Office?

9—Which fish climbs trees?

10—How old is Charlie McCarthy, the radio star?

11—Which of the thirteen original colonies have been omitted from the following list: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island?

12—Henry Ford has encouraged the production of which bean in the U. S.?

13—There are no true deserts in which continent?

14—What is the average life of a U. S. dollar bill in circulation?

15—Which French-born movie star is married to Pat Paterson and is said to wear a toupee in his pictures?

16—What state has "Liberty and Prosperity" for its motto?

17—Which class of boats look the same coming or going?

18—By what name is George Baker of Harlem better known?

19—In Haiti more persons speak what language than any other?

20—Who defeated Blaine for President, then lost an election and won one pitted against Harrison?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

LOVE and the Aftermath of WAR

Storm, Indians, cattle, and Miss Bennett inhabit a rousing film of Reconstruction days—Tanks, horses, and romance blend in a tale of the army

BY BEVERLY HILLS

THE TEXANS

★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, May Robson, Walter Brennan, Robert Cummings, Robert Barrat, Harvey Stephens, Francis Ford, Raymond Hatton, Clarence Wilson, Jack Moore, Chris Martin, Anna Demetrio, Richard Tucker, Ed Gargan, Otis Harlan, Spencer Charters, Archie Twitchell, William Haade, Irving Bacon, William Davidson, Bill Roberts, Richard Dennings. Screen play by Bertram Millhauser, Paul Sloane, and William Wister Haines from a story by Emerson Hough. Directed by James Hogan. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 91 minutes.*

THIS film has epicitis. In brief, pretensions as to scope and size in The Covered Wagon direction. It springs from the ruthless carpet-bagging machinations in Texas of unscrupulous Yankees just after the Civil War.

Here a returned Johnny Reb, one Kirk Jordan, sets out to help the lovely Pressnell heiress who owns a big estate and 10,000 head of cattle. She is bitter against the North, but Kirk senses the vastness of the re-United States. And he helps her get her cattle through snow, dirt storm, and Indians to the railway terminal at Abilene, Kansas, in spite of corrupt Texas politicians.

Randolph Scott is the stalwart hero back from Gettysburg with national vision and a clean shave under all circumstances, while Joan Bennett is the harassed heroine with the unmussed coiffure. They are aided by May Robson as the girl's crotchety granny, Walter Brennan as her tobacco-chewing ranch boss, and Raymond Hatton as another one of those Covered Wagon Indian scouts. None of these folks are very real and maybe there aren't really 10,000 head of cattle. Hollywood is conserving these days.

VITAL STATISTICS: About half of the pic was shot on actual Texas soil. Studio transported an army of acting and technical folk out to Mrs. Amanda Burks' 35,000-acre La Mota Ranch, halfway between San Antone and Laredo; nearest railroad station, Cotulla, 30 miles distant. . . . Celebrating her own 73d birthday, Iron Woman May Robson played Mrs. Burks' part with gusto. . . . Researchers found Mrs. Burks used to drive herd from her ranch along the same Chisholm trail used herein to Abilene, was uncrowned queen of Texas, toted a rifle with which she annie oakleyed perfectly. . . . La Mota was infested with rattlers, company killed six a day average. . . . Dust storms were created on location by giant 450-hosspowered Hispano-Suiza motors; a river was artificially hewn out of a ranch lake; and Nature herself helped by providing a cloudburst in midst of filming to fashion all the mud needed for mud scenes. 'Twas first time the weather has ever helped a film company, claimed Megger Hogan. . . . The prairie fire is real, was made of a swamp full of highly inflammable dried bunch grass. . . . Toughest members of cast were the Texas longhorns, rounded up with difficulty from fast disappearing breed. They refused to take direction, stampeded dangerously twice, upsetting cameras and sending actors scurrying for their lives, raising plenty of goose flesh. Local cowboys claimed the steers hated anything on two laigs; could only be stopped from fighting among themselves by firing a bullet right at their horns, the jolt keeping them good for many weeks. There were 2,500 of them. They earned $1 a day and their keep. . . . When visited by two Abbey players on the set, Joan Bennett expressed a yearning to be in an Abbey play, was told by Abbeyites she would be seen in The Texans by 30,000,000—ten times more people than there are in Ireland. . . . Originally slated for a million dollars, economy wave struck studio, cut Texans costs down to $800,000. You can buy a lot of Texas for $800,000. . . . Joan Bennett's in the $100,000 class; is borrowed from Producer Wanger. . . . Director James Hogan made about $40,000 out of this.

* Recommended for children.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Hero and heiress-heroine. Randolph Scott and Joan Bennett in The Texans.

ARMY GIRL

★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Madge Evans, Preston Foster, James Gleason, H. B. Warner, Ruth Donnelly, Neil Hamilton, Heather Angel, Billy Gilbert, Ralph Morgan, Barbara Pepper, Ralph Byrd, Guinn Williams, Robert Warwick, Allen Vincent, Pepito, Paul Stanton, Dewey Robinson. Screen play by Barry Trivers and Samuel Ornitz from the story by Charles L. Clifford. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr., and B. Reeves Eason. Produced by Republic. Running time, 88 minutes.

IN this yarn of the United States cavalry, the horse is the hero. Shall the cavalry be mechanized? In brief, shall the cavalry trade saddles for tanks, to meet the modernized methods of killing by gas and shell?

Captain Dike Conger is a tank and cutie expert who works at army posts by day to prove the efficiency of the tank, while by night he Don Juans fast and loose. No army girl for him. He draws an imaginary line around the camp—and plays outside. That is, until he confuses the post colonel's beautiful daughter with a girl from the other side of the line.

We were entertained for two reasons. Lovely Madge Evans is one of our favorite heroines. And the tests between tank and horse are excitingly staged by Reeves Eason, who has been an expert in thrills since he ran the wheels off chariots to make things thrilling for Ben-Hur. Actually, the whole cast is good, particularly James Gleason as a tough sergeant and mechanic to Captain Conger. Republic's best film to date.

VITAL STATISTICS: Yarn's nub springs from actual conflict that flares up when the War Dept. starts replacing the cavalry horse with the tank, known to army men as hell buggy. Seems the cavalry hates to have tradition disturbed, loves its war steeds. But since the horse is absolutely a last-century model in modern streamlined warfare, it looks as if Dobbin must go. Case you're the bloodthirsty type: The cavalry's hell buggy has a single turret, turns as easily as Dobbin, carries one .50-caliber machine gun, three .30-caliber sput-sputs, a submachine gun, and a .45 automatic for close infighting, lives on gas and oil instead of oats, has a 7-cylinder motor and 250-hosspower, which is a lot of hosses, can gallop along at 45 m. p. h. Taught by army men, cast's males learned to manipulate the hell buggies, were passed as fit and ready should the call to arms come. Which oughtn't to be long, looking around. . . . That's Preston Foster in a brand-new mustache. Accepted as the most virile man in Hollywood, Preston stands 6/2, weighs over 200 muscular lbs.; hails from the pure confines of Ocean City, N. J. . . . Twenty years ago Madge Evans debutted as Rob Warwick's small dotter in the silent Sudden Riches same day Neil Hamilton also debutted—as an extra. Having been a child actress who has lasted into womanhood, she loathes the term, baby star. She professes no serious hobbies or avocations, just likes to do the lazy thing well, and read; lives with her mother and brother; has about the most filmable skin in Hollywood, using only a dab of lipstick and a dull powder as make-up. Klieg lights are notorious fault-finders, too.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY

★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford, Betty Ross Clarke, Lana Turner, Marie Blake, Don Catle, Gene Reynolds, Mary Howard, George Breakston, Raymond Hatton. Screen play by William Ludwig from stories by Vivien Bretherton based on characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 90 minutes.

BASED on the Vivien Bretherton stories, this offers the juvenile romances of freckled Andy Hardy who gets his dance dates with two girls mixed up. In brief, a super-

You need not pity Sarah Jane,
She isn't in the slightest pain!
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CHILDREN *do* love to put on Band-Aid . . . the convenient adhesive-bandage that's so easy to use, and so nice-looking when you put it on.

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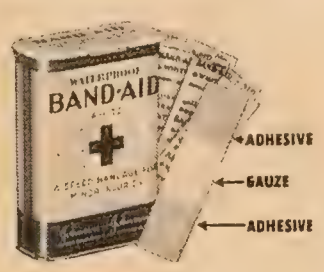

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tragedy of boyhood at the crossroads of long trousers.

You may find amusement in the heartthrobs of youth when adolescence gets involved with Life for the first time. Booth Tarkington used to write shrewdly of this age. Miss Bretherton does well enough. Mickey Rooney helps a lot as Andy, and Judy Garland is the girl who disturbs him and sings three songs. Your liking for La Garland depends upon—well—your liking for La Garland. She is pretty sure of herself, but maybe you like that.

VITAL STATISTICS: Old Jedge Hardy and His Very Typical American Group are serious rivals of the Jones Family, who operate at a near-by studio. Big problem is for each family to out-typify the other. Both families cost from $200,000 to $300,000 to put through their typical antics, the Joneses running a little less in cost. Hardys' big problem is to keep up with the Joneses in earnings, have thus far been pretty successful, cleaning up enough for their studio to invest the money in problematically successful $1,000,000 biggies. This is Hardy No. 4; there've been a half dozen or so Jonesies. . . . Judy Garland is a Gumm by birth, dotter of professionals. She lay around unoccupied at M-G-M for some time under contract; went over to another studio and made a hit in Pigskin Parade, causing M-G-M to have to buy her back at a large increase. Judy's 15 now, wears her first evening dress herein, is a great reader, ballplayer, grammarian, was named Garland by George Jessel because she reminded him of flowers. . . . Mickey Rooney the Irrepressible is the third highest-paid youth actor in the business, just nosing out Deanna Durbin, and being outearned by Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley the Temple. Mickey's money goes into trust fund. . . . Lana Turner movie debutted in a Ripley Believe It or Not, stepped right into a big-time part in They Won't Forget without any previous experience.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—(None.)

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago.

★★★—Professor, Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★★ **THE UGLY DACHSHUND**

by G. B. Stern. The Macmillan Company.

The Ugly Duckling in canine terms. An amusing fantasy, full of psychological insight, slightly naughty, but altogether delightful.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SOMETHING for nothing appeals to us all. Few of us can resist the lure of the coupon and premium. Therefore I was specially pleased to meet and to talk with a man who knows all about the something-for-nothing business. . . . Irving W. Schwartz has been dealing in premium merchandise for twenty-five years, yet he can't figure out to this day why it is that Turkish towels are the foremost desire among women who collect coupons. Our second choice—half a dozen cups and saucers—puzzles him not at all. "That," says Mr. Schwartz, "is because you break so many." . . . Mr. Schwartz gave me further information. . . . Costliest premium on record was a $27,000 house, completely furnished, won some years ago by a policeman. . . . Plenty of wealthy women arrive in chauffeured limousines to cash their coupons and select their premiums. . . . Farmers, sending in their coupons, often write long accompanying letters describing the state of their crops, livestock, etc. . . . A premium man gets a good broad view of our national life. . . . Children often talk their mothers into buying a three-months supply of some household product, so they can apply for the advertised premium right away. . . . The premium people rejoice in our general honesty. They say less than two per cent of us ever attempt any coupon cheating. . . . Traveling salesmen's wives are lucky in one respect at least. Swellest of all premiums are those awarded by big firms to their best salesmen.

☆ After a motor trip through rural England two American ladies returned to their small home town indomitably convinced that sheep are much more picturesque than lawn mowers. The two ladies have a good deal of local influence. Early last spring they caused six sheep to be installed on the village green, for the double purpose of looking quaint (like dear old Devonshire) and keeping the grass cropped. But the town children, passing through the green every day on their way to school, soon made friends with the sheep by feeding them sandwiches out of their school lunch boxes—lettuce sandwiches at first, then assorted sandwiches as the sheep became accustomed to a snack diet. I am told they took quickly to peanut butter, fairly quickly to jam. . . . Now the village green grows long and unkempt while the sheep turn up their noses at the grass and blat for sandwiches. . . . Let this be a warning to summer-tourist girls now coming home from Europe filled with Old World glamour.

☆ *Conversation beads* are used in the Orient to keep the talker's hands occupied, so that unspoken thoughts won't be revealed by nervous gestures. Twenty or thirty beads about the size of kids' marbles are strung in a circlet, with slack enough to let them run loosely through the fingers. I have a string of black amber ones, deeply aglow with red and green fire. I'm told they must have been fetched out of Mecca by a true believer of Islam. . . . Showed them to Lester Gaba, who creates our most fashionable clothing dummies for style display. (His Synthetic Cynthia is renowned.) . . . "Conversation beads," he said, "should be introduced here. They're a miraculous help when you've got the jitters. At school, taking examinations, I used to finger a small string of wooden beads in my pocket. They always steadied me."

"Guess who!"

☆ A new American slang term—*sickly-jickly speaking*—was coined unawares by a French author who lectured recently at women's clubs here. He meant *psychologically* speaking, but his pronunciation of *psychologically* came out *sickly-jickly*, which made an immediate hit and is now widely used around the women's clubs where he lectured.

☆ Anecdote from a private but authentic source: . . . I am told that Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize physicist, one of the great minds of our world today, called some years ago upon the late George Eastman, of Kodak fame, to discuss a matter of scientific import. Wearing a kitchen apron, Mr. Eastman greeted his caller abstractedly. "Sit down," he said. "I won't be long. I'm baking a lemon pie." . . . Mr. Eastman then hurried back to his pastry; and Dr. Millikan waited patiently until the pie was done.

George Eastman's lemon pies are still remembered by friends who enjoyed the privilege of eating them. His recipe has just come my way. It differs in detail from other lemon-pie recipes I know. More eggs, for one thing. Here it is. . . . Beat 6 egg yolks with 1 cup granulated sugar until creamy. Add juice and grated rind of 2 lemons, and a pinch of salt. Cook 15 to 20 minutes in double boiler, stirring constantly until thick. Let cool; then fold in stiffly beaten whites 3 eggs. Have pie-crust shell ready. Fill with lemon filling and cover with meringue made from the 3 remaining egg whites. Brown in oven. . . . Mr. Eastman used to say to his friends, "My cook is wonderful. She lets me have the run of her kitchen when I feel like making pies."

☆ From Mary Pettibone Poole's entertaining little $1 book of epigrams, A Glass Eye at a Keyhole (newly published by Dorrance & Company): . . . "You can keep your friends by not giving them away." . . . "Women who jump from man to man usually have checkered careers." . . . "Doctors are the only men whose mistakes are commemorated by monuments."

☆ Awhile ago I wrote about our need for midget watermelons small enough to fit conveniently in our refrigerators. Now Minnesota's agricultural experiment station claims first honors. Their new melon is called the Northern Sweet; weighs about nine pounds; was cultivated with Russian seeds from the Volga River district.

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Send in as many entries as you wish, as long as they are made on official entry coupons. However, no entrant will be awarded more than one prize in this contest. Read the rules carefully so that you understand the conditions that govern this game. Then clip and fill in this week's coupon which appears in the upper right-hand corner of this page. File it in a safe place until your entry set of four coupons is completed at the end of the game.

Individual coupons will not be considered.

EXAMPLES

To help you get started, Liberty reprints for your guidance these simple anagrams. For instance, JEWELL HOOPER will make WHOOPEE; BABS MOONEY is SOME BABY, NO? and VICTOR LEONARD FOX juggles into I DO NOT LOAF! Get the idea? Now fill out Entry Coupon No. 2 and be ready for the third one next week.

LATE ENTRY

In case you did not get into the game last week and need the first coupon in order to bring your entry even with the field, Liberty will supply a reprint if you will enclose five cents with your request, to cover the cost of printing and handling. Mail your request to the address in Rule 5. Your order will be filled promptly. Of course if you have not given away or mislaid your copy of last week's issue, you can clip the coupon from that.

THE RULES

1. Each week for four weeks, ending with the issue dated September 3, 1938, Liberty will publish an Anagram Game entry coupon.
2. To compete, write your own name, a name in your family, or the name of a friend on the line indicated on the coupon, then juggle the letters until you find clever and ingenious words they will form.
3. Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. Don't use any letter more times than it appears in the name. Don't use a letter that does not appear in the name.
4. It is not necessary to find a lot of words in the name. It's the cleverness and ingenuity of your word or word combinations that will count. One word may prove the best anagram.
5. Save each coupon until your set of four is complete. Then mail them as a unit, at the same time, to Anagram Contest Editor, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 16, the closing date of this contest.
6. Entries will be judged on the basis of cleverness and ingenuity of the anagrams, and neatness will count. Cash prizes of $25 each will be paid for the thirty-two entries which rate highest on this basis. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 44

1—Henry Morgenthau, Jr.
2—Kiwanis International.
3—Wood.
4—John P. Holland of the United States.
5—Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Denver.
6—Aberdeen (it has many buildings of granite).
7—The eggplant.
8—No, since patents are not granted on devices which contradict natural laws.
9—The climbing fish *(Anabas scandens)* of the East Indies.
10—Fifteen years old, according to the artisan who carved his head in 1923.
11—Delaware, South Carolina, and North Carolina.
12—The soybean.
13—Europe.
14—Nine months.
15—Charles Boyer.
16—New Jersey.
17—Ferryboats.
18—Father Divine.
19—French.
20—Grace Moore.

I Had to Be Funny AT ONCE— AND I PRAYED

By ALMA WHITAKER

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I LEARNED typewriting in half an hour in answer to prayer. That was in March, 1910. It enabled me to get a job on the Los Angeles Times, which I have filled ever since.

I had come to California a young bride in 1907. My baby was born in 1909.

My young English husband was a bookkeeper at the First National Bank. He came down with tuberculosis soon after the baby was born. I knew my nice middle-class English family could not afford to help us financially. It was up to me to earn a living. I had sold a few little stories in England, so tried the newspapers first.

Harry Carr was then sports editor. A friend asked him to see me. He was not impressed. I looked the worried, badly dressed little person I was. But he didn't want to snub me outright, so he asked if I knew anything about prizefighting.

My reply was, "Oh, most Englishwomen know all about fights. I think Queen Alexandra goes and takes her knitting."

So Harry sent me to write up Wolgast and Memsic from "a woman's angle."

That proved an exciting emotional adventure. Believing that the British had no sense of humor, Harry had said maliciously, "Oh, and by the way, make it humorous." Later he admitted that he felt that would settle me; I should make a hash of it and he would dismiss me, with regrets.

Necessity is a great teacher. I was going to make that a good humorous story, if it was the last thing I ever did.

When I returned to the office, Harry was in the throes of the last make-up. I shall never forget his utterly contemptuous expression as I asked, "Shall I write the story in pencil first, and then in ink?"

"No! Type it!" he snorted.

I wandered away feeling utterly helpless. I had never even seen a typewriter close to in my life. I looked vaguely around, wondering which typewriter I dared tackle. I asked an office boy.

"Williams won't be in for a while; you can use this if you hurry," he told me.

I shuddered as I looked at the dreadful contraption.

"I'm not used to this make of typewriter," I said hesitantly. "Would you mind showing me how it works?"

The lad said, "Sure," and whizzed the dreadful thing backward and forward, pointed out a gadget or two, and left me.

I sat down and peered at the confusing keyboard. Heavens, even the alphabet was all mixed up! Tears started to roll down my cheeks.

So that's when I prayed as I had never prayed before.

"Dear Lord, dear God, dear Father in Heaven, please, please send me typewriting," I murmured over and over.

Presently I began to type, slowly, anxiously—and always remembering that above all I must be humorous. Mercifully the comical situation did strike me. I began to laugh, a little hysterically. I was soon working more quickly, and glowed as I realized I was really making sense. Perhaps typewriting experts would view the result with contempt, but oh, that story was readable. And when Williams returned, he only had to wait three minutes for me to finish up this so vital composition.

I glowed with a sense of miraculous achievement when I took that story to Harry. He paid no attention to me beyond muttering, "Put it on the desk."

MY spirits faltered, as I had to wait nearly an hour for a streetcar to take me home. I thought of so many brighter ways I might have described that fight. But that didn't prevent me rising at dawn and waiting for the Times to be delivered.

It was the biggest moment of my life when I opened that paper and saw my story on the front page of the sports section, with a banner headline.

I rushed upstairs to show it to my very sick husband, who read it aloud as I nursed the baby. Harry had forgotten my name, so it appeared under the by-line of "Lady Agatha," the first and last time I ever made the aristocracy.

Had God not sent me typewriting, not heard my anguished prayer, I should have accepted a job as cook in a Pasadena family, the only other one that offered at that time. As it was, I was able to keep my little family together.

For seven years thereafter I wrote sports, mainly golf and polo, and was soon a columnist as well. And now, twenty-eight years later, I'm still with the Los Angeles Times, and can probably match most of the typewriting experts in speed if not technical perfection.

THE END

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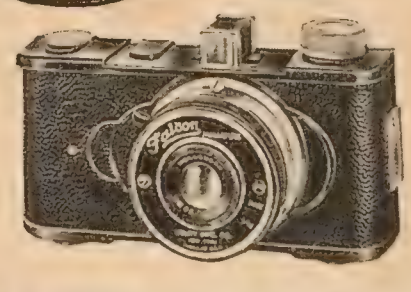

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Petition to Bring Back the Kitty Hawk Plane

FORT LEE, N. J.—Some time ago I saw in Liberty a suggestion that something should be done about bringing the Kitty Hawk plane home from England. About a year and a half ago I spent some considerable time with Mr. Orville Wright in Dayton, and the petition which appeared in our July 2 Contact [aviation newspaper] was launched coincident with the opening of the New York Air Show in January, 1937. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia was the first man to sign the petition, followed by the late Senator Copeland, Commissioner Fowler, and many stage, screen, and radio celebrities. Over 8,000 signatures were obtained during the New York show.

Subsequently the petition has been at every major aeronautical event, such as the National Air Races at Cleveland, the International Air Show at Chicago, the Philadelphia Air Show, the Air Races at St. Louis, Birmingham, and other cities.

Thousands of individual signatures have been added to the huge petition which we now plan to bring to a close on August 19, the occasion of Orville Wright's birthday. The last signature will be affixed to the petition on the exact site at Kitty Hawk where the first flight was made, and will then be immediately flown to Washington and presented to the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.—*E. H. Holmes, Publisher.*

PETITION

To The Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

Honorable Sirs: Whereas, the history of any outstanding scientific achievement by Man, as recorded in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution, should stand for all time to come as a true and authentic history for the enlightenment of future generations, and

Whereas, in the year 1903 American inventive genius solved the age-old question of Man-made flight, on American soil, and

Whereas, to err is human, the best scientific minds not excepted; and it appears that the history of flight, as recorded in the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, are in error, and

Whereas, Mr. Orville Wright has stated that the Kitty Hawk plane was sent abroad only for the purpose of eventually bringing about a correction of the history of flight, as given in Smithsonian publications; that unless these corrections are made within his lifetime, the plane will become the property of the British museum, and

Whereas, it is understood that in the Lindbergh arbitration, the Smithsonian Institution has now recognized the correctness of the facts as submitted by Mr. Wright,

NOW, THEREFORE, the undersigned, in company with fellow Americans, respectfully prays that your honorable body take immediate steps for a complete and unequivocal correction by the Smithsonian Institution in its own publications of any of its statements in the past which do not accord with the facts, as brought out in the Lindbergh investigation, to the end that justice may be done to American inventive genius and so that the way may be promptly opened for the return of the Kitty Hawk plane to America where it rightfully belongs, without further delay; and to thus preserve the dignity and reputation of the Smithsonian as a scientific institution whose records may not be questioned.

ONE WAY OF MAKING 4,000,000 JOBS FOR AMERICANS

WACO, TEX.—As one of the leading publications, Liberty should sponsor a movement which would have the full support of the American people.

I think some member of Congress who has the interest of the people of this country at heart should place a bill before that body to deport all foreigners who have been in this country for two years and haven't taken out their first papers. Those coming into this country after this bill becomes law should be fingerprinted and a close check kept on them until they become citizens.

We have today several millions from other countries who never expect to become citizens of this great United States but are only here for the easy money they can get. We should be able to understand just why these other countries have no crime problem—it is so easy to send their criminals to us.

This would be one way of making about four million jobs for American men now walking the streets and at the same time would reduce our relief rolls about two million.

Our people should demand that something be done. Is this to remain America, or just a dumping ground for those not wanted by their own country?—*Boyd W. Blackwell, Physical Director, Y. M. C. A.*

PLAINT OF A DELUDED WORM

TULSA, OKLA.—"Don't miss the coming chapter of this daring and fascinating novel" (page 31, June 11 Liberty).

After reading the second installment of Her Gentleman Secretary I felt like a worm that has spent three days boring through the tough skin of a pretty apple, only to find that it's empty.—*Louis Martin.*

BUTTONS—AND SCRAP

NEWBERG, ORE.—The American people are very inconsistent.

Here we are, selling buttons to help relieve the suffering Chinese, while at the same time we sell scrap iron to the Japanese to make bullets to fight the Chinese. The United States is keeping the war going. Can't we wake up and realize this?—*Jean Cooke.*

PROVIDE BICYCLE PATHS WHEN BUILDING ROADS

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—Mr. Oursler's A Boy Puts Us on the Spot should go down in literature with Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus. It is a classic.

It is one of the finest things I ever read and it will most certainly ring the bell for a lot of folks over the country. In a most adroit way he put that father on a pedestal for his boy, and if I don't miss my guess, that father is going to try mighty hard to live up to his valuation of him.—*Roy S. Norton.*

INDIAN RIVER, MICH.—After reading A Boy Puts Us on the Spot (July 2 Liberty) I would suggest all scouts make this a national question:

Why not make provision for bicycle riders when we build roads?

When building roads, a bicycle path could be made at nominal cost. Now that many cities require a license for bicycles, they should receive some consideration wherever it is possible. This would do much to promote safety and clean exhilarant sport.—*A Has-Been.*

THIS BOER IS AN ARDENT READER OF LIBERTY

GRAND GATE, SOUTH AFRICA—Although of Boer, as we are often called, or miscalled, descent, I am an ardent reader of Liberty, and I wish to express my deep appreciation of the admirable articles which appear in your magazine.

Of course the saying "It takes a whole world of funny people to make the globe go round" seems to be very true when one reads the diversity of opinions which appear in Vox Pop.

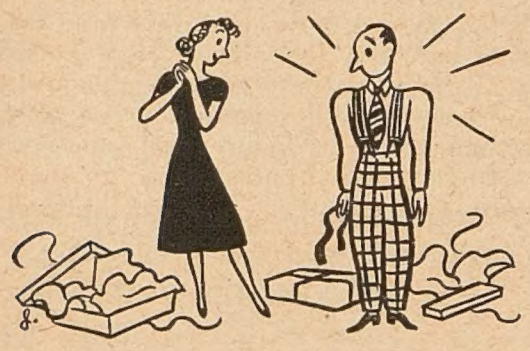
I say that Liberty, and especially Mr. Macfadden's editorials, are the best and most encouraging and educative material one could wish for in this present troubled world.—*T. H. C., Optimist.*

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR MEN'S CRAZY CLOTHES?

ALBANY, N. Y.—Oh dear, oh dear! Unfortunately for Elizabeth Hawes, I read her article on a sweltering day when the mercury was rubbing noses with the higher-ups. I am referring to Men's Crazy Clothes (July 2 Liberty).

Her article is a perfect example of the general criticism of the weaker sex on us poor men today. I should like to ask her who would be the first to criticize if we dressed as we felt like it?

The wife buys the clothes, and to keep the dove and olive branch hovering about the community the clothes are dutifully worn by the husband. Now I ask you frankly, who is to blame?—*Titus Othrey.*



WE'VE PUBLISHED MANY BUT HERE'S ANOTHER

LITTLETON, MASS.—Having purchased Liberty since its first appearance at the newsstands, I cannot remember one criticism of Bernarr Macfadden's editorials being published therein. Surely at least one New Dealer must have written a letter of criticism some time or other, as there are millions of us in the country.

Hoping there is still room in your wastebasket, I too will make a try.

The editorial that "got" me was in the June 25 issue, in which Mr. Macfadden accused the New Deal of heading toward Communism and Fascism both at the same time.

That is equivalent to making an elevator go up and down at the same time. Or does he mean that the New Deal is steering a middle course between both, but doesn't want to give President Roosevelt credit for it?—*William Sobel.*

PRAYER LIFE TOO SACRED?

COEUR D'ALENE, IDA.—Undoubtedly there are a great many people who consider the prayer life too sacred and personal to be talked about as one bandies words about less private matters, and also there is a feeling in many that the Spirit of God within one is very jealous and sensitive and we must put it above all appearance of boasting or glorifying of oneself.

The articles I have read in Liberty on this subject have all seemed so direct, and yet so reverent, I am sure they have encouraged all who read them.—*Mrs. Charlotte Weeks.*

YELLOW JACK REVIEW MISTOOK VOLUNTEERS FOR MARINES

PORTLAND, ORE.—Knowing any editor's desire to have facts correctly stated in his publication, may I call attention to the review of Yellow Jack which ran in June 25 Liberty?

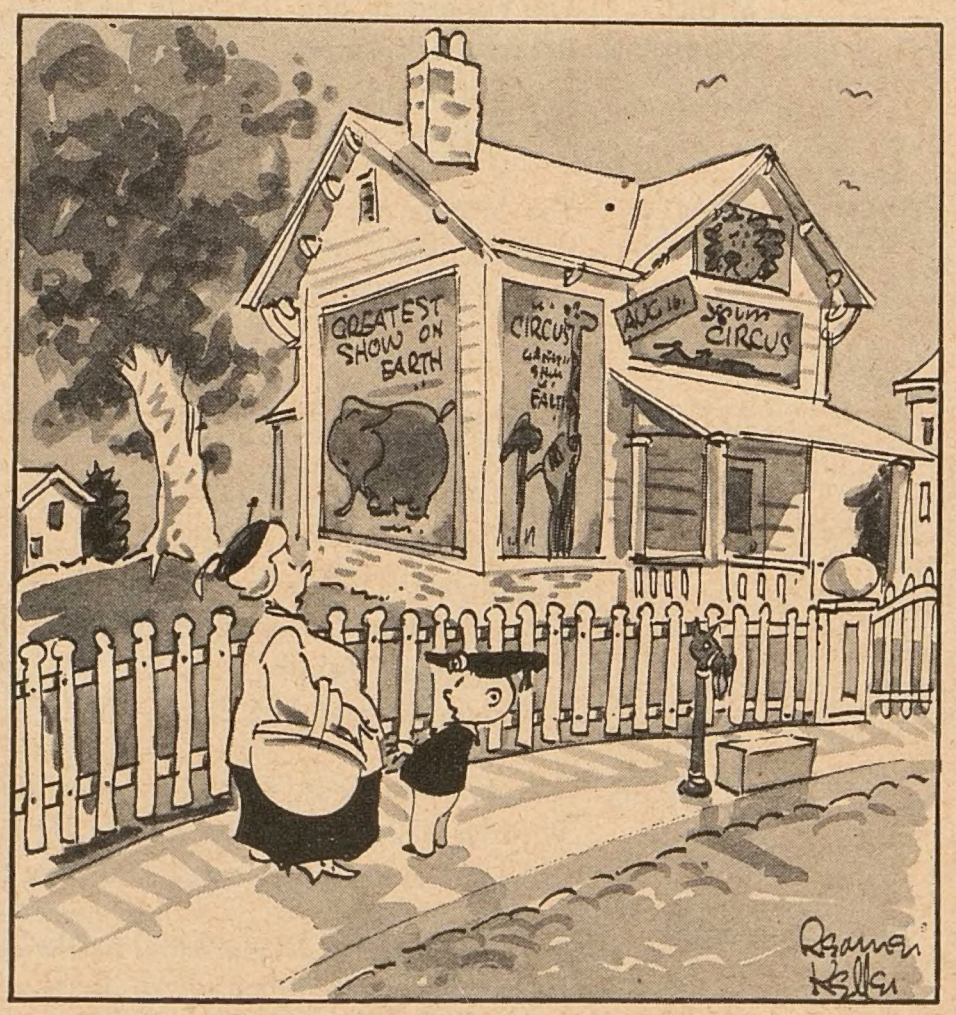
In this the review states, "Bob as Sergeant O'Hara of the United States Marines," and again, "the heroism of five marines who acted as human laboratories for the doctors' theories."

With all due respect to the Marine Corps in general, I feel that such an erroneous statement materially detracts from the gallantry of the men of the volunteer service during the trouble in Cuba who did the actual volunteer service for Dr. Walter Reed and his assistants.

These men belonged to the volunteer regiments of infantry from South Carolina, to the volunteer infantry of Illinois, to the volunteer infantry of Indiana, and to the medical corps and the 7th cavalry of the regular service.

So it is the army volunteers to whom the credit must really go, and, in fairness to these men who thought they were giving their lives to save others, I feel the proper correction should be made.—*Gwladys Bowen.*

"HARDTACK"

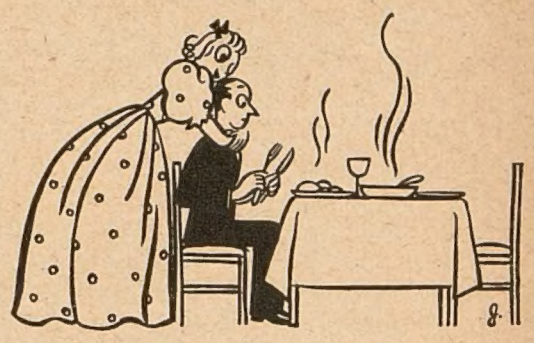


"Gee, ma, I thought you'd be tickled pink—the man gave me two free tickets for lettin' him put them up."

WHAT A WEDDING RING DOESN'T DO

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—A successful wife is she who remembers that a wedding ring does not strip her husband of his five senses.

He still sees—so don't be a sap in rundown heels; be a doll in a dirndl.



He feels—so don't peck when you should be temperature-raising.

He still tastes—and if you can read you can cook.

He still hears—so say it. You still love him, don't you?—*Francys Mathews.*

THE THREE WISE MEN

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—Number 17 in June 18 Twenty Questions reads: "What were the names of the Three Wise Men?"

I would like to know which Wise Men are meant and the authority for the names in the answer. The names are not given in the Bible.—*G. E. Anderson.*

[In Cologne Cathedral, according to a Dictionary of Miracles by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL. D., visitors are shown three heads which they are assured are the heads of the Three Wise Men. The names given to them are: Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar, and they are generally called "the Three Kings of Cologne." The meanings attached to these three names are as follows: Gaspar, the White One; Melchior, the King of Light; and Balthazar, the Lord of Treasures.

Other names are given to the three men: as (1) Appelius, Amerus, and Damascus; (2) Magalath, Galgalath, and Sarasin; (3) Alor, Sator, and Peratoras. Others say that these Wise Men were Shem, Ham, and Japheth, who had fallen asleep and woke at the Nativity.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHY SO MANY SERIALS?

ELYRIA, OHIO — Good heavens, Mr. Editor, why so many serials? The July 2 Liberty had four. Whether you know it or not, the average citizen can't keep track of more than two serials at a time, and a great many of your readers either can't be bothered or don't give a hoot about the darn things. Ask them and see.—*Emery J. Van Boven.*

EATS DESSERT FIRST

EL DORADO, ARK.—Vox Pop in Liberty is like dessert after an excellent meal, only we eat the pie first.—*B. H. Berk.*

FORMER AMBASSADOR DODD SPEAKS OUT

FEW ARTICLES that Liberty has published have aroused more national and international controversy than the one entitled What Hitler Told Me, by Edward Price Bell. . . . Anti-Nazis denounced it as Fascist propaganda. . . . Pro-Nazis denounced it as a fabrication, maintaining that Mr. Bell never saw Hitler and that Der Fuehrer had never given such an interview to any one. . . . Of course the interview was authentic, held in the presence of witnesses, and Mr. Bell correctly reported the conversation between himself and Adolf Hitler. . . . And of course, further, the article was not propaganda, but a piece of news reporting in which the attitude of the chief of the German government on various international problems was set forth. . . . Naturally it would be a one-sided presentation. . . . Obviously, too, there must be an answer from the other side. . . . Next week in Liberty that other side is presented by an authority of unquestioned standing, William E. Dodd, former Ambassador from the United States to the German government. . . . This, we understand, is the first article which Mr. Dodd has written for any publication since his return from Germany. . . . He deals directly with the previous Liberty article and answers it with forthright words that admit of no misunderstanding. . . . As always, Liberty prints this statement without favor or prejudice, as a contribution from an authoritative source to a discussion of world-wide importance. . . . IN SHARP CONTRAST to Mr. Dodd's article but equally important is an article by Howard Sharpe called The Wild Oats of Don Ameche. . . . Few young men have charmed America more than this master of ceremonies of the Chase & Sanborn Sunday-night hour that brings us Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, the Stroud Twins, and Dorothy Lamour. . . . He has also pleased the American people in his screen appearances. . . . Now in Mr. Sharpe's article, written with Mr. Ameche's approval, you will learn a story of self-conquest by a young man who was in danger of being spoiled. . . . It is a personal-experience story, intensely interesting as a story but helpful, too, to any one seeking to overcome some personal weakness. . . . "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said King Solomon. . . . Here is how one man did it. . . . THERE ARE three good short stories in our next table of contents, in addition to the usual Short Short. . . . They are: Nobody Had Any, by Margaret Widdemer; Night Watchman's Wings, by Edmund Ware, and Ark of the Jungle, by Paul Annixter. . . . Among other interesting articles are What Your Boos and Jeers Do to Me, by Joe DiMaggio, who has had plenty of boos and jeers from the bleachers and the grandstands this season; Doctors Don't Know, by a Park Avenue Specialist; Will Dubinsky Upset Lewis in the C.I.O.? by Will Irwin. . . . Other features and all the regular departments. . . . Doesn't it sound like the kind of issue you would not wish to miss? . . . A BOOK REVIEW by Guy L. Harrington, who knows his economics: "Three stars for Gold Ahead, by George S. Clason, published by the Institute of Financial Education, Denver, Colorado. Story of how to build financial success, as told by Arkad and other citizens of ancient and wealthy Babylon. A valuable and inspiring contribution to economic literature." . . . OUR CORRESPONDENCE about superstitions continues. . . . One correspondent writes that Helen Hayes owns a special rabbit's foot with which she dabs rouge on her face for every opening night. . . . Bing Crosby, writes another, hates all kinds of jewelry. He scoffs at keepsakes but guards zealously an old burnt-orange sweater that he bought when Paul Whiteman signed him up. . . . RECENTLY WE ATTENDED the conference of the Interdepartmental Committee to Co-ordinate Health and Welfare Activities, in Washington. . . . Some of the plans proposed at this revolutionary conference open up astonishing vistas in public health, and we shall have more to tell about them in the magazine a little later on. . . . Had an interesting chat with J. Edgar Hoover, whose interest, as America's number one policeman—and personally we should say the world's number one policeman—in crime prevention and problems of juvenile delinquency is one of the most heartening signs on the American horizon. . . . FROM ALL OVER the country come praise and condemnation for the Dizzy Dean series. . . . We are already obtaining a series of great football stories for the early autumn, which we believe will excite and interest every football fan.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in a name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY DAN OSHER

ED THORGERSEN

NOTED NEWSREEL SPORTS REPORTER...PICKS

2 Prize Winners!

"THE CHAMPION Summer 'cooler' according to many sportsmen is the Lime Rickey...made with Hiram Walker gins, of course! The score shows that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind! They're never 'off form' because they're made by the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly smooth flavor in every bottle and every case."

HOW TO MAKE

Lime Rickeys

FOR TWO

Juice of 2 Limes

3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin

Shake with cracked ice. Strain into tall glasses. Add cubes of ice and fill with carbonated water. (P. S.—Some connoisseurs say this 'cooler' should be sweetened to suit the personal taste—but remember, for perfect flavor you *must* use Hiram Walker's gin!)

AMERICA BUYS MORE HIRAM WALKER GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

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So CHARLES BELVIN Smokes Luckies, the 2 to 1 Favorite of America's Independent Tobacco Experts

Tobaccoland has many independent experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. These men do not work for any cigarette company. Here's what one of them—Charles Belvin—says:

"At auction after auction for over 19 years, I've seen Luckies buy the best grades of tobacco—the 'Cream of the Crop'!" Sworn records show that, among Mr. Belvin's fellow experts, Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Luckies also give you throat protection. The "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat.

Sworn Records Show That—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**